The Saturday Review of Literature

VOL. XVI NO. 13 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1937 TEN CENTS A COPY

IN THIS ISSUE

PHILIP VAN DOREN STERN
Thomas De Quincey

EUGENE LYONS
Reviews "Escape to the Present" by Johannes Steel

LOUIS UNTERMEYER
Reviews "Conversation at Midnight" by Edna St. Vincent Millay

ALLAN NEVINS
Reviews "The First Rebel" by Neil H. Swanson

CRANE BRINTON
Reviews "Napoleon and Talleyrand" by Emile Dard

Soichi Sunami

JOHANNES STEEL

"The gist of his thesis is that Europe is hopeless, morally and intellectually bankrupt . . . He shows forcefully how one young German found existence under Hitler's dispensation intolerable and decided to begin it anew in America" . . .

(See page 5)

TUSCULUM COLLEGE LIBRARY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Science

SOUND WAVES:
Their Shape and Speed

By
DAYTON C. MILLER

What is the scientific difference between the tone of a flute made of gold and one of brass? Why does one sound give exquisite pleasure and another agonizing pain? Answers to such questions are given here in non-technical language. One hundred photographic illustrations, and many diagrams. $2.75

Going Away ?

Adventure

THE ASCENT OF NANDA DEVI

By
H. W. TILMAN

The thrilling record of the climbing of the highest mountain in the world ever to be sealed by man — Nanda Devi, in the Himalayas, 25,645 feet high, a feat which had baffled the world's best climbers for fifty years. Illustrated with remarkable photographs taken by members of the party. $3.50

Here are four selected titles among the newest books which will answer every need for (a) your own entertainment, or (b) thoughtful gifts to host or hostess

Mystery

DEATH BY INVITATION

By
GAIL STOCKWELL

"I asked you here so I could persuade you to bring my murderer to justice!"

With this extraordinary statement, Miss Agatha Wollington introduces Kingsley McKeyes—a new type of detective—to the mystery which engrosses him through one mad weekend. $2.00

At all good bookstores, or direct from

The Macmillan Company
60 Fifth Ave.
New York

Fiction

VICTORIA FOUR-THIRTY

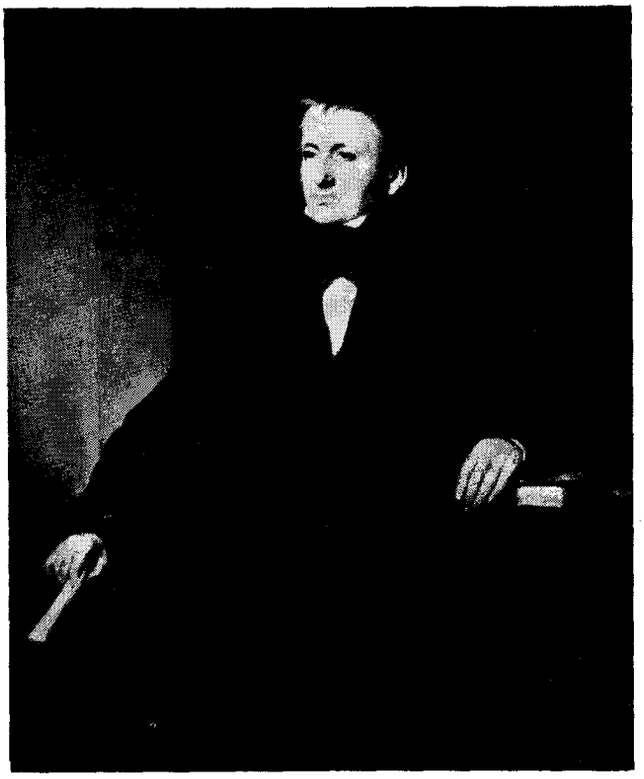
By
CECIL ROBERTS

"In the list of thirteen dramas offered by Mr. Roberts almost every one will find facile entertainment. The types are varied, the local color is filled in by an obviously seasoned hand; the total effect is undeniably pleasing. Both the book and the express are easy to take."—*Sat. Review of Lit.*
$2.50

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thomas De Quincey

BY PHILIP VAN DOREN STERN



THOMAS DE QUINCEY
From the portrait by Sir John Watson Gordon (1825).

OUR interest in Thomas De Quincey begins not with his birth, when he had yet to prove himself worthy of interest, but with his death, when he had already done so. The day of his death is nearer to us in point of time; we can, without too much effort, creep back through the veins of our fathers to our grandfathers (or great-grandfathers if necessary) to an early morning in December, 1859, when Thomas De Quincey, wasted and aged, but with a full life behind him, lay dying in a rented room at 42, Lothian Street, Edinburgh.

The little tired man who was so quietly breathing his life away had made a curious name for himself. He had been known to magazine readers throughout the world as the English Opium-Eater, and there was about him that aura of the mysterious which is associated with those who have dared to explore the furthest depths of the human mind with the aid of the strange oriental drug. A painter of the romantic school, depicting his deathbed, would have peopled the air with phantoms, misshapen and horrible images from the mythology of the East and "unutterable slimy things from the Nilotic mud." And there would be faces there, pale and delirium-haunted, drawn with suffering, and dragged up from the dark and rain-swept streets of a city that had already ceased to exist.

These were the images of his dreams. His life, except for the one remarkable period described in the "Confessions," had been rather uneventful, haunted more by the very real spectres of poverty and hunger, and the omnipresent police officers hounding him endlessly for unpaid debts.

The last nine years had been relatively peaceful. Scattered around him in the room where he lay dying were the manuscripts and proofs from which he was building the collected edition of his far-scattered works. Nearly all of his writings had appeared first in magazine form for the very good reason that in this way it was possible, by writing comparatively short pieces, to obtain some money quickly. And there was a never-ending need for money with eight small children crying for food. His books (he had once owned five thousand) had long since been sold to feed the hungry mouths. When he says, as he often does, "I write this without books for reference," he means just that. His books were gone and it was impossible for him to venture out to borrow from friends. He was afraid of being picked up by some watchful officer of the law. He had several times taken refuge in the debtor's sanctuary of Holyrood but finally even that had been closed to him, for he had incurred debts within the actual confines of the sanctuary itself.

Poverty and debt had plagued his life for thirty years and he had been tortured since early childhood by illness. He had lived like a recluse, solitary and shy. The amazing range of his writing reflects the range of a mind that had sampled everything and traveled everywhere—in books. Actually he had never been out of the British Isles although he had planned to settle in the Canadian woods, to go to Germany, to France, to Spain. . . .

Those who knew him in his later years speak invariably of the little man's gentle manners, of his beautifully modulated voice, and, above all, of his conversational ability. Words flowed from him naturally; his sentences, elaborate and complex, came with the ease that only a life-long acquaintanceship with fine prose could establish. They speak too of the eccentricities of his old age. He drank up the contents of old medicine bottles in the hope that the composite mixture would have a salutary effect; he stored his tattered manuscripts in a tin bath and he carried with him a pocket brush so he could dust them off before handing them to the printer. He was always plagued by fire—it burned up his precious papers, and once, as he sat reading too near a lamp, his hair began to blaze. He casually brushed away the flames and continued with his book. He was oblivious of such external things as money or clothes; his mind lived within itself, dwelling in a country of its own where such things as time and the elements were unimportant.

He had spent his life in a welter of old papers. Around him always were books, proofs, and manuscripts—some of them stained to this day with the purple ring left by a glass of laudanum. He had shut himself off from the world, so that the swift and astounding changes taking place in his generation reached him only at second hand, filtered through a screen of printed symbols. He had been born into the eighteenth century at a time when its glories were fading. He know that the age of elegance was over, and that there was nothing to be gained from carrying on its already obsolete literary and artistic forms. The rhymed couplet had gone with the rapier into oblivion.

His life was to mark the transition be-

Next Week

AND SO—VICTORIA
By VAUGHAN WILKINS
Reviewed by Theodore Purdy, Jr.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF A SPANISH TOWN
By ELLIOT PAUL
Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tween a world of stage-coaches and candle-light, and a world of steam-engines and electricity. In the year of his birth the courts of Europe were shocked by the Affair of the Diamond Necklace that threatened the rule of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette; in the year of his death, the citadels of orthodox were shaken by the publication of Darwin's "Origin of Species." But this isolated scholar never understood that the very structure of civilization was being altered; never became fully aware of the effect that this alteration was having on the minds and characters of his fellow men. He had seen the huge spinning-mills spring up in his native city of Manchester to bring ruin to the household weavers of the countryside. He had heard the deep sullen rumblings of Watt's new engines, but he was deaf to their significance.

He had grown up in an era of revolution. He had been educated during the years when the armies of Napoleon were conquering the strongholds of European feudalism. But to De Quincey's insular mind, Bonaparte was only a bloodthirsty monster who might invade the peaceful shores of England. He disliked everything French, and to him revolution was a French disease which should be rigorously quarantined. He never experienced the revolutionary ardor that dominated the youth of Wordsworth and Coleridge, nor did he, of course, have to suffer their disillusionment. He was professedly a Tory and he preserved throughout his life a complacent belief in aristocratic institutions. He was passionately interested in the science of political economy but he never comprehended the political and economic actualities of his own times.

But if he was a Tory in politics, he was at least sympathetic to radical ideas in literature. He was one of the first in all England to be drawn to the new poetry of Wordsworth and Coleridge. He was opposed to the forces that had moulded their poetic ideals, but he greeted enthusiastically these writers who were attempting to express in everyday language the rhythm of contemporary life. In his own work, however, he did not follow their lead. He drew upon the writings of past centuries for the influences which shaped his style, and his subject matter was a strange mixture of intimate self-analysis and historical pedantry.

Yet he was in every way a romantic; he helped to introduce the romantic literature of Germany to England; he was powerfully influenced by the imaginative prose of Jean Paul Richter; and he was unusually well read in the philosophy that constituted the foundation of romanticism.

It is not difficult to understand why he was so unclearly oriented. Romanticism itself was a curious product of contradictory tendencies. Basically it was the artistic expression of the mighty forces that were reshaping the world. Yet it contained within itself a reactionary element—a nostalgic gesture toward the glories of the feudal past. In its highest form this fond look backwards was expressed in the transcendental mysticism of Blake, Coleridge, and Keats. For more popular consumption there were the historical romances of Sir Walter Scott and, on an even lower plane, the tales of Monk Lewis and Mrs. Radcliffe with their ancient castles haunted by ghosts in clanking chains, their pale knights in armour, and their inevitable maidens in distress.

Compared with men like Chatterton or Otway or Keats he had been fortunate. His first published work had brought him instant success—fame if not fortune. The "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater," written hastily for *The London Magazine*, where they appeared in the autumn of 1821, immediately established the reputation of their anonymous author. Taylor and Hessey, the publishers, brought the

DOVE COTTAGE
Home of Wordsworth, later of De Quincey.

"Confessions" out in book form and sold several editions. De Quincey received a present of £20 for the book—he had no legal rights in its profits.

The instant success of the "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater" indicated that the public was more than ready for subjectivity in writing. Like Rousseau, although without his all-embracing frankness, De Quincey took the reader into his confidence and exposed even the less admirable side of his own character. But he went beyond Rousseau by leading the reader into the innermost recesses of his subconscious mind where his opium dreams in all their terrible magnificence held sway.

It is in this field of personal writing that De Quincey did his finest work. As a writer of fiction he was a failure. He lacked the peculiar kind of inventive power needed to create character and devise original plots. He could put down on paper an amazingly accurate portrait of some one he had seen and known (he makes Wordsworth a living figure, and the description of his first meeting with Charles Lamb is vividly realistic), but he always had to have the living model in mind before he could make the portrait. He possessed a fine narrative power (see the "Revolt of the Tartars" and the magnificent last paper of "On Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts"), but in these he had the advantage of being able to work with actual historical material.

But if he lacked the faculty of being able to create seeming images of flesh and blood, it was certainly because of no inherent lack of imaginative power. This power in him was vast and terrible. He drew his material from that inexhaustible reservoir—the subconscious mind; he perceived the richness that lay concealed there; and at times his writing shuttles curiously between the levels of wakeful objectivity and the dark reaches of that hinterland which only the sleep-drugged brain can traverse.

It was in this world which lies between twilight and darkness that De Quincey was most at home. To him even the simplicities of daily existence had about them a quality of strangeness. His reaction to things was never the usual one of matter-of-fact people. He saw London, not as a sprawling and industrial metropolis emerging from the provincial elegance of the eighteenth century, but as a vast nation, a conglomeration of peoples living in misery and luxury, where the slow sullen rhythm of life was made up from the heartbeats of mankind in travail. Its narrow sinister streets haunted his dreams, and again and again he would find himself back among the terraces of Oxford Street, pacing its nightly silences with the forlorn figure of Ann at his side. Even the solid and substantial reality of an English mail-coach took on in his mind a symbolic meaning. It was more than a method of transportation; it was a part of the nervous system of a great country, and its swift passage through town and village spread across the nation the tidings of defeat and victory, of dissolution and progress. And in its terrible flight it carried with it a shrouded coachman who took the place of the sleeping driver to send the flying hoofs of its horses into a rhythm that pounded out a song of death.

The writing produced by this dark and brooding mind called for a style that was founded in the vivid realization of sensual experience and in the capture of transubstantial awareness. The age had favored the growth of an experimental technique in the handling of English prose. The romantic dichotomy was expressed in style as well as in subject. Prose was not only hard and real but mystical and imaginative. In the early years of the nineteenth century the tendency towards concreteness and informality was only foreshadowed. It was not to reach its full de-

(*Continued on page* 14)

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by The Saturday Review Company, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, president and Treasurer; Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription, $3.50 a year. Vol. XVI, No. 13, July 24, 1937. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Prophetic Autobiography

ESCAPE TO THE PRESENT. By Johannes Steel. New York. Farrar & Rinehart. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by EUGENE LYONS

JOHANNES STEEL erupted on the journalistic horizon of New York in the spring of 1934 with a shrewd forecast of blood-letting in the Nazi ranks which was proved substantially accurate by the purge of June 30. Thereafter, as a sort of *Wunderkind* foreign editor of the *New York Post*, he continued in the trade of prognosticator, surely the most hazardous of professions. His guesses remained consistently shrewd but not always accurate. They led him to an indiscretion in prophecy which he called "The Second World War." Undaunted, Mr. Steel in the present autobiographical volume maintains the prophetic strain, but on a universal scale and without time limitations, which makes it much safer.

The gist of his thesis is that Europe is hopeless, morally and economically bankrupt, and in general moribund; and that the centers of civilization and culture are shifting rapidly eastward and westward —to the Orient and to the Americas. There is no need to accept the prophecy literally in order to admit that it holds true for thousands of individual young Europeans whose lives have been cut at the roots and set adrift by events in these last years. Johannes Steel is of this homeless company. In "Escape to the Present," summarizing his own life's story, he shows forcefully how one young German found existence under Hitler's dispensation intolerable and decided to begin it anew in America. He has changed worlds, deliberately and in the full knowledge of the seriousness of his choice.

Whatever future historians may say about his larger assumptions, they are at least poignantly valid in his own case. Fascinating as sheer adventure, Mr. Steel's story achieves symbolic grandeur because his private destiny is so intimately related to the main currents of recent history: the World War, the chaotic aftermath, the totalitarian reaction. There is a certain flamboyance about the author's temper and a certain recklessness about his generalizations. Nevertheless, at its core his personal experience is true and significant, and he has recorded it with a great deal of charm, skill, and gusto.

Like so many other young people from the fascist lands, Mr. Steel has replanted his life in America and he is frankly amazed how quickly and firmly it has taken to the new soil. "I have taken out my first papers," is the triumphant theme song of his autobiography. He marvels at the hospitality and the eager curiosity and the fresh energy that he has met in going through our country as a reporter and lecturer. Already, in less than three years, he begins to feel himself an American. But unlike other exiles in our midst, his transfer was a conscious choice. He is not a Jew, and despite some dabbling in Social Democratic politics he might have merged himself with Nazi Germany had he wished to do so. His cleavage with the current phobias of his homeland was deeper than race or politics—it was fundamentally cultural. He was the European man refusing to sink himself into the primordial slime of the know-nothing fascist retreat to barbarism, purposefully seeking a climate congenial for survival and finding it in the United States.

Besides being a document of our times, "Escape to the Present" is also a document of an unusually exciting individual career. Among the youthful autobiographers whose books are coming thick and fast these days—Mr. Steel is apparently in his early thirties—there are many who went forth to seek adventure and found it in full measure. This young German, on the contrary, seems to have been sought out by adventure. The most that can be said is that it found him always ready and coöperative. He seems to have moved in an aura of remarkable coincidence and sudden dangers.

A casual meeting and a dream threw him at a tender age into the maelstrom of fevered finance on the Black Bourse of his native town during the German inflation. Later he was catapulted into economic espionage for the Weimar Republic on several continents, including North and South America. He sold left-over German war materials on a contraband basis in the Near East and the Far East, in years replete with providential meetings, hair-breadth escapes, and routine melodrama. An accidental encounter with Herr Schacht, the financial dictator, in a post office during the first week of Hitler's reign led to an invitation to enter the Foreign Department of the Nazi party. "If you consider this proposal," Dr. Alfred Rosenberg, head of that department, promised, "you may be Under-Secretary of State inside of five years." Having disdained this offer, Mr. Steel was arrested and jailed. How he brained a sleeping Nazi guard and stole across the frontier to France is among the more thrilling of the assorted thrills.

Mr. Steel's story will be read by many for its sheer excitement. Even more will read it, this reviewer trusts, for the more fundamental adventure of an intelligent and ambitious young man who chose to defy the tides of fascism in Germany and to make himself a new home across the seas. "Escape to the Present" is integral with our epoch, and therefore instructive as well as exciting.

FROM THE JACKET OF "WAR ON SATURDAY WEEK"

Thunder of the Guns

WAR ON SATURDAY WEEK. By Ruth Adam. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS J. HALLE, JR.

IN reviewing Mrs. Adam's novel one is reminded of the expert who wrote a book proving that war was impossible and whose publishers rushed it through the press so that it should appear before war actually did break out. A few years ago this novel, which deals with the life of an English family in the present pre-war period and ends with the thunder of the first guns, would have seemed fantastic. Tomorrow it will be out of date. It is strictly a novel of today.

The Lawsons, Norah, Mary, Cedric, and John, were children at the time of the late war, living in the village Rectory as rectors' children have lived for generations in Merrie England. The world they were born into was the old world of order and security; the world they grew up to was a world of anarchy, tyranny, and sudden death. The mental strain of the war-threat and its effect on the various characters is the burden of the novel. One takes refuge in communism, another in a glittering army uniform; a third, who represents moderation, takes no refuge and finally has his head bashed in by clashing fascist and communist mobs.

Mrs. Adam doesn't definitely represent England as going fascist. But in one scene Mosley's blackshirts are shown coöperating with the London police to put down a communist rising. Again, a pacifist society is ordered by the government to dissolve. The author offers no solutions. She merely observes, in a spirit of detached amazement, and allows her observations to be their own comment. She is clever enough to keep her political and social picture of the future vague, and has thus attained a degree of plausibility that most prophetic books lack.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Seven Men Talking

CONVERSATION AT MIDNIGHT. By Edna St. Vincent Millay. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1937. $2.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

MISS MILLAY has accomplished the seemingly impossible; the poet most applauded for her unaffected lyricism has written a book that is as prosy as it is pretentious. The pretentiousness is of a new and curious kind. Until now Miss Millay has always spoken in character; she has alternately used the voice of the precocious, subtle child and the mind of the experienced, disillusioned woman. Now, for some occult reason, she has decided to express herself like a man—like seven men, to be exact. The result is "Conversation at Midnight," which Miss Millay indicates should be taught of in terms of the theatre and for which the author has suggested stage directions, provided three intermissions, and added an index of first lines of distinct poems and "subjects under discussion." The discussions are the poems, and vice versa. There are even two introductions: one explaining the character of the book; one explaining the characters themselves.

The characters are seven: Merton, "a distinguished-looking man of sixty-eight, a stock-broker, very wealthy; he has traveled extensively, and collected some famous and valuable paintings. . . . He is a conservative and votes Republican." John, "a painter, considered to be exceptionally gifted, but financially unsuccessful. . . . He votes, when not too disheartened to vote at all, Democrat." Pygmalion, the nickname of a writer of short stories for popular magazines, who does not bother to vote. Carl, a poet and communist. Father Anselmo, a Roman Catholic priest and a pianist. Ricardo, "son of an Italian petty nobleman and an American woman, a liberal and an agnostic." Lucas, the youngest, hard-boiled and idealistic, a writer of advertising copy. Seven characters in search of a plot. They talk. The time is the present; the place New York; the scene is the elegant drawing-room of Ricardo's house on Tenth Street off Fifth Avenue; there are three royal-blue Sèvres vases, and the wood in the fireplace is brought from New Mexico. The men talk. In the first of the four parts they talk about shooting; dog-breeding; pheasant-raising; women; fads; the shorter working-day; love; rich relations; the kinship between sounds and colors (yellow is the key of D); the desiccation of the five senses; the danger of airplanes; electric refrigerators, vacuum cleaners, and other Modern Noises; mouth-washes and syndicated superlatives; corruption; the English language; sin, patriotism, and virtue; self-doubt and faith; the superiority of animals to man; God; the excellence of Chateau Lafite; the overcrowded condition of Germany, Italy, and Japan; war and revolution; Bach and Stravinsky. . . . It is soon evident that these are not conversations, but a series of monologues in which the utterance is as haphazard as the thought. The names are tags, not characters; the lines are delivered with so little sense of individuality that the reader is continually confused. The confusion is increased by the mixture of idioms; at one moment Miss Millay makes her dialecticians discourse in her favorite Elizabethan accent, at another she has them unconsciously imitate Ogden Nash.

Nation-Wide News Service
EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

How can Stravinsky know how Pygmalion feels about music, any more than Pygmalion knows how Stravinsky feels?
Personally, I never could get excited about musicians; I don't think they're genuine; I think they're a lot of rhinestone heels.

Thus ends the first part. Two pages later Miss Millay, comes right out in the open and acknowledges the influence—"as Ogden Nash might put it." She takes up her attack on women with a trio for Merton, Pygmalion, and Lucas, which continues for some forty lines, and from that point on it is difficult for Miss Millay to keep Nash out of the poem, or play, or polemic, or whatever she is about. Jeffers enters also partly by way of quotation, partly by way of philosophy, and the MacLeish of "Panic" and "Public Speech" is sometimes echoed. But though she may share the Californian's pessimism, Miss Millay lacks the full-throated vigor of Jeffers, and though she attempts to dramatize (as her publisher asserts) "the whole of modern life" she does not begin to have the intellectual power nor the technical skill of MacLeish. Her failure to be other people is emphasized by her failure to be herself. The few passages of authentic Millay are in two of the lyrics and in the renewal of the note of desperate frustration which marked this volume's immediate predecessor, which someone suggested should have been called "Whine from these Gripes." But, except for infrequent lines, both the accent and the emphasis are wrong; the tone is either flat or hysterical. Here, for example, is a conversational sonnet:

You speak, my friend, in most ecstatic terms
Of life upon this negligible sphere;
An excellent protein, doubtless, for the worms,
Is Man,—but food for thought?—are you sincere?
It's true, at times a not inglorious figure
Leaps to a wave-crest and harangues the waves:
The Ship of State sails on, from fore to jigger
Her dirty decks aswarm with thieves and slaves.

I must confess, these recent altercations
Within the Left, between the Left and Right,
Have nipped somewhat my autumn aspirations
Toward Comradeship,—a budded thing, though slight.
Now, for your borshch of bullet-lead and jam
I would not give a tax-exempted damn.

It is all wrong—wrong touch, wrong feeling, most of all, wrong tone. Admirers of the artlessness in the early sonnets and the skilled artifice in the later sequence, "Fatal Interview," will be amazed at the involved awkwardness. Apart from its inappropriateness and its worthlessness as a sonnet, it is typical of the entire work. Miss Millay pretends to flash light on a man's world, but it is still the world of a child—a sensitive, angry, and confused child who has heard (or rather, overheard) scattered arguments which she tries to reassemble and join. She knows that verse can not only wing its way into the heart, but work its way into the mind, that poetry can talk as well as sing. But Miss Millay cannot make her men talk with any conviction, for she can create neither real controversy nor actual character. She is not a thinker, though she tries hard to be one; she is intuitive, not intellectual. When she relies unhappily on intellect she falls back upon clichés of thought as well as stereotypes of expression. She has written more uneven books, but, in all the fourteen volumes, she has never been so insistently discursive and so consistently dull.

Dirge-like though this review may be, it is too early to toll the bell. Miss Millay has been buried many times since the metaphysical interment in "Renascence," and she has survived. Unless she has lost her remarkable exuberance, her play of wit and tune, of pointed music and meaning, she will survive again.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Turbulent Frontier

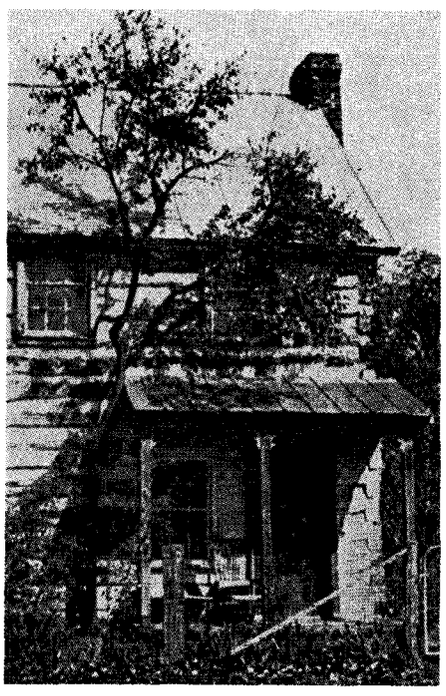
THE FIRST REBEL: The Story of James Smith and the Pennsylvania Uprising. By Neil H. Swanson. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THE tale Mr. Swanson tells is of the unruly Scotch-Irish who, flooding into Pennsylvania in the early eighteenth century, began to assert themselves politically at the time of King George's War, and a few years later became a grievous worry to the ruling classes of the Province. In particular, he deals with their turbulent course in the years 1763-67. The French had been defeated and the British flag raised at Fort Pitt. Then Pontiac raised the tribes of the West against the British settlers; savages fell murderously upon forts and settlers all along the border; the decimated Pennsylvanians fled east to Carlisle and Shippensburg; British troops under Bouquet barely defeated the Indians at Bushy Run and saved Fort Pitt. Then also the vengeful, undisciplined Scotch-Irish fell upon the peaceful Indians in their midst, the "Paxton boys" butchering the harmless Conestogas; and as a climax, while some defended the border against raiding tribesmen, an armed mob of others turned east and marched upon Philadelphia. They meant to try to murder more peaceful Indians—the Moravian Indians taken to the city for protection; they also meant to demand fairer government for the five frontier counties, and fuller protection for frontier settlements. Franklin, who heartily disliked them, helped turn them west again. But for years thereafter they continued their turbulent outbreaks. In 1765 they were besieging a little British garrison in Fort Loudon because it supported an Indian trade of which they disapproved.

The hero of the book is James Smith, best remembered as author of one of the grimmest stories of Indian captivity handed down to us. Smith grew up in the valley of the Conococheague west of Carlisle. A stripling of eighteen, he was captured by a body of Conestoga Indians and brought into Fort Duquesne just before Braddock neared that post. There he saw the Indians torture to death nine prisoners from Braddock's force. Carried westward into Ohio in constant fear of sharing their fate, he was adopted by the Conestogas and lived with them four years. Finally, escaping to Montreal, he clambered into a French prison ship full of British prisoners. When Wolfe and Amherst ended the conflict, he was exchanged and made his way home to the Pennsylvania border. He had learned lessons of hardihood, daring, and resourcefulness—and a hatred of the Indians—that helped make him one of the frontier leaders in the troubled years that followed. He applied these lessons when the border rose against the Indian trade, and later in the Revolution.

Here are ingredients of a good adventure story; and simply as an adventure story, with battles, massacres, forays, and escapes, it is well done. Many historical incidents are faithfully retold, with a documentation that includes an appendix of official papers. The book is a life of Smith with a fictional veneer to make the incidents more vivid. The writing, while not distinguished, has vitality and pace. Though Smith never becomes a live character to the reader, the



CABIN AT FORT LOUDON TODAY
From "The First Rebel."

summarization of his "Remarkable Occurrences . . . During his Captivity with the Indians" is so spiritedly done as to better the original. This is the best part of the story. And if the author has not succeeded so well with Smith's service under Bouquet and with the later Scotch-Irish attacks on Forts Loudon and Bedford, that is partly the fault of his material. While not to be rated with the much more carefully wrought books of Mr. Walter Edmonds and Mr. Kenneth Roberts, this is an adventure story of the days of savages, redcoats, and hunting-shirt pioneers that is entertaining until the very end.

But as history the book rather badly misses the mark. Mr. Swanson has been too ambitious. He would not only write a rattling good story—he would revise the history of the Revolution by some startling new facts. He would show that it did not begin at Lexington in April, 1775, but at Fort Loudon in May, 1765. The result is a rather unfortunate twisting of the basic situation. The boisterous Scotch-Irishmen who objected to the Indian trade which men like Samuel Wharton of Philadelphia were carrying on (their own idea of Indian policy was embodied in their petition of 1764 for bounties on Indian scalps) were rebels beyond doubt. But they were not rebels against the crown. They were rebels against the settled, propertied, conservative East; against the Quakers in particular and all they represented in the government of Pennsylvania. The warfare of these "black boys" had its affinity with the Regulators' trouble in North Carolina—and the Regulators came around to the royal side in the Revolution. Of course where the crown supported the tidewater interests, the frontiersmen fought the crown. But their central grievances were against an Eastern Assembly, in which they were underrepresented, an Eastern Indian policy which leaned too much toward Penn's pacific ideas, and an Eastern belief in selling guns to the tribes and buying good furs in return. It is easier to see a connection between the Fort Loudon affair and the Whiskey Rebellion than one with the Revolution.

If this book had explored a little the intense antagonism between the Presbyterian and Quaker Parties in Pennsylvania (which are not even mentioned), if it had been a little less sympathetic with these hot-tempered, ill-governed frontiersmen, and if it had not tried to push the opening of the Revolution back to 1765, it would be better as history. But as an adventure story it remains well worthy of the summer hammock.

Old-Fashioned Air

By THEODORE MORRISON

O HOW it grieves the heart
To see bright waters flowing!
To see its lost days shine
Like far fall woodlands blowing
That once were green and growing!

Long since the crowding thoughts
Came instant to my sight,
Vaulting through earth and sea
With pulses of delight,
Each moment its own right.

Now not a bird springs up
But bears a ghost on its wings,
The ghost of the lifted heart
That loves and trembles and sings
And believes in steadfast things.

It beats with a double flight,
For it has made before
Airy journeys that moved
My kindred heart to soar
By a lost and shining shore.

It floats in a haunted sky
Where past things hover and start.
It says, "You will surely die,
And are dead already in part,
Too quickly dying heart."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

English '37

The Novelist and the Reader: V

BEFORE turning from the means of perception to the material which is perceived, it will be instructive to glance at three passages from "Ulysses." The first is the beginning of the novel:

> Stately, plump Buck Mulligan came from the stairhead, bearing a bowl of lather on which a mirror and a razor lay crossed. A yellow dressinggown, ungirdled, was sustained gently behind him by the mild morning air. He held the bowl aloft and intoned:
>
> —*Introibo ad altare Dei.*
>
> Halted, he peered down the dark winding stairs and called up coarsely:
>
> —Come up, Kinch. Come up, you fearful jesuit.
>
> Solemnly he came forward and mounted the round gunrest. He faced about and blessed gravely thrice the tower, the surrounding country and the awaking mountains. . . .

With the next sentence Stephen Dedalus comes up the stairs, and with the second one he becomes the point of approach to the scene, the means of perception. It is through him, for instance, that we learn that Buck Mulligan's hair is "grained and hued like pale oak." Thereafter, until the appearance of Leopold Bloom, the material of the novel is transmitted through Stephen. But observe that, though Buck Mulligan is seen to come out on the platform, no one sees him. The point of view is not fixed in him. He could himself see the mirror and razor crossed on the bowl, feel the dressing gown float behind him, and be aware of his coarseness when he calls down the stairs and his solemnity when he mounts the gunrest—but actually he is observed from without. He is asserted—dramatically in that he is shown in action, but nevertheless expositorily in that the author tells the reader about him.

This is presentation at second hand, with no attempt to conceal the expository function. If sustained for very long it would lack both scope and vividness. There is an awkward moment in the shift from this presentation to the perceptions of Stephen Dedalus (it would be more awkward if it occurred later) but at once the scene becomes more alive. It is inside the novel: it is presented to us as Stephen experiences it, and its vividness is increased by his participation in it. By feeling and thinking about Buck Mulligan he vitalizes the reader's perception of Mulligan as well as his perception of Stephen.

The sentence, "Halted, he peered down the dark winding stairs and called up coarsely," is a statement by the novelist about Buck Mulligan from the outside. A few pages later, following Mulligan's allusion to the death of Stephen's mother, we read:

> Pain, that was not yet the pain of love, fretted his heart. Silently, in a dream, she had come to him after her death, her wasted body within its loose brown graveclothes giving off an odour of wax and rosewood, her breath, that had bent upon him, mute, reproachful, a faint odour of wetted ashes.

This is a statement of what was in Stephen's mind, of his emotion and his compulsive phantasy of his mother. But it is made after the fact, in summary or synopsis, on the novelist's authority and in his words—it is the content of Stephen's mind but it is reported by the novelist. It is, if you like, both inside and outside, both thought and exposition: we understand Stephen from within, and so share his feeling and phantasy, but in a way we are still directed to do so by the novelist, who summarizes and states instead of presenting what Stephen thinks. This is the commonest method of representing thought and emotion in fiction, the ordinary convention.

Some hours later, after teaching his class and talking with Mr. Deasy, Stephen is walking along the shore. Impressions of the outer world mingle in his mind with philosophical and literary reflections, with memories of his parents and family, with fragmentary scenes from his student days, and with many other associations behind which it is already possible to make out something of a pattern. He passes the carcass of a drowned dog, which is given an emotional significance by earlier events. Then a live dog runs toward him, stops, and runs back, reminding Stephen of an occasion when a dog terrified him and impelling him to think of various men who were brave whereas he seems cowardly in contrast to them. We need not explain the associations as his mind moves on from these heroes, but observe the way in which his thoughts are presented:

> The man that was drowned nine days ago off Maiden's rock. They are waiting for him now. The truth, spit it out. I would want to. I would try. I am not a strong swimmer. Water cold soft. When I put my face into it in the basin at Clongowes. Can't see! Who's behind me? Out, quickly, quickly! Do you see the tide flowing quickly in on all sides, sheeting the lows of sand quickly, shell-cocoacolored? If I had land under my feet. I want his life still to be his, mine to be mine. A drowning man. His human eyes scream to me out of horror of his death. I . . . With him, together down . . . I could not save her. Waters: bitter death: lost.
>
> A woman and a man. I see her skirties. Pinned up, I bet.
>
> Their dog ambled about a bank of dwindling sand, trotting, sniffing on all sides. Looking for something lost in a past life.

Here there is no exposition; everything is presented at the moment when it appears in Stephen's consciousness. There is, certainly, a kind of translation, since some of this thinking would not consist of words, and other parts of it are present not because they are inevitable to Stephen's mind but because the reader needs them. The phantasy of the drowning man's eyes would surely be visual—Stephen would see the image, rather than describe it. And he would not think, "A woman and a man. I see her skirties." He would be aware of the figures and would simply see the skirties, without telling himself that he did so. But, granting that some things are formulated in words which in actual thought would remain unformulated, the passage is a transcription of what passes through Stephen's mind. He sees, he reflects, he forms conclusions; memories rise out of the past, he responds to them with pain and fear, conditioned associations follow; in one place thought as such disappears altogether and, so far as words can represent it, there is pure feeling. The reader is present at the moment of occurrence. He is by no means as deeply submerged in the mind as it is possible to be—see later passages of "Ulysses"—but he is entirely inside it. He is not looking into it by courtesy of the author, as he was in "Pain, that was not yet the pain of love, fretted his heart." He is looking out from within it and by means of it, he has the same relation to events that the mind itself has, and the author has withdrawn altogether. There is no novelist: there is only Stephen's thought and feeling, and the reader's coterminous perception of it.

At exactly this point we must turn our attention from the means of perception in fiction to certain attributes of the thing perceived. For if the novelist is constantly compelled to accommodate the presentation of his material to the logic and limitations of the point of view from which the reader sees it, he is also compelled to respect limitations implicit in the material and to observe more or less rigorous conditions which govern its use in fiction. Some of his material needs only to be written down in order to be fiction, some of it cannot become fiction no matter what is done to it, and some of it must undergo a process of conversion or transformation.

(*Continued on page* 14)

The Saturday Review
of Literature

BERNARD DEVOTO . . . . . *Editor*
NOBLE A. CATHCART . . . . . *Publisher*
AMY LOVEMAN . . . . . *Associate Editor*
GEORGE STEVENS . . . . *Managing Editor*
HENRY SEIDEL CANBY, WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT, CHRISTOPHER MORLEY — *Contributing Editors*

THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

THE SATURDAY REVIEW cannot assume responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts submitted without an addressed envelope and the necessary postage.

Copyright, 1937, Saturday Review Co., Inc.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editor: *Another Librarian On Book Selection*

The Closed Shelf

SIR:—The article by Ruth K. Forinash on book selection in a recent *Saturday Review* was very interesting to me, as I hope it was to everybody else who saw it, but I believe that Eloise Ebert, in her comment on it in a later issue, has mistaken entirely its purpose. So far as I can see Miss Forinash is not without a sense of humor, nor is she without a certain mild irony which should be very refreshing indeed to readers of many of the technical articles in library periodicals. And in addition Miss Forinash is able to see both her library and her profession objectively, a thing which most librarians are unable to do.

I myself happen to be a librarian of nine years' standing, and while my experience has not been very wide, I do believe that librarians are pretty much alike all over the United States. At least when they appear in print they nearly all sound alike, and almost every one of them thinks that her own library is an exception to the general run of libraries, and that her own particular community and board of library trustees make absolutely necessary whatever she happens to be doing at the moment whether that be refusing to buy series books for children, restricting most of the new and good novels to the closed shelf, or refraining from buying them at all.

The thing which I most hate to see in any public library is a closed book shelf, and yet I do not know of a single library that does not have one. Big city libraries are forced more or less for reasons of physical space to keep many of their books out of sight in the stacks, and libraries in smaller cities and in little towns are forced just as much by public opinion to attempt to protect the morals of everybody.

I do not know of any library where the trustees make a practice of reading all the books that go into it, and I should think that the physical strain of doing so would be tremendous. It would not be true, however, to say that a more or less general censorship does not exist. Few librarians have the courage or the temerity to fly directly in the face of the public opinion of their communities, and usually if they have to be told in so many words just what books they may purchase and what books they may not, and why, they are not likely to remain librarians very long. I should imagine that few boards of trustees would care to argue the question of book censorship with their librarian. Such censorship must be one of those things which she just knows.

LOUISE DAVIES.

Ventura, Cal.

Cooper for Adults

SIR:—"Give your young people Cooper," writes a librarian to the editor of the *SRL*, "but let them read him when they are young and uncritical." But isn't it about time we got over this superior attitude towards Cooper, and began to read him ourselves instead of consigning him unread to the children? I think we need not be so scornful of our early republican literature as we affect to be.

I shall not attempt to answer the question, "What is the better half of Cooper?" I merely wish to suggest that before we send our Cooper into the nursery we take time to read, say, "Satanstoe" or "The Chainbearer," "The Prairie," or "Afloat and Ashore." Then perhaps we may realize the Cooper is still a novelist for critical adult readers.

FREDERICK B. TOLLES.

Cambridge, Mass.

"MAYBE WE'D BETTER STOP AND GET A BOOK—JUST IN CASE WORST COMES TO WORST."

H. Bedford-Jones

SIR:—Fletcher Pratt, in your issue of July 3, has a most interesting review of Harold B. Hersey's "Pulpwood Editor." Unfortunately Mr. Pratt has managed, in his strenuous effort to render the pulps ridiculous, only to render himself and your usually praiseworthy journal ridiculous, on one count at least. . . . Among his suicidal and prison and flower-growing examples [of pulp writers] he lists H. Bedford-Jones, coolly describing him as a recluse in France who seeks release by never speaking English and by combining gymnastics with writing.

Not as a pulp writer myself, but rather as the daughter of the one in question, I raise as vociferous a protest as possible. Mr. Bedford-Jones is neither a recluse nor an expatriate. He lives not in a fine house in the suburbs of Paris but in a quite average house out in God's country of California. His visits to France are limited in time and are made for the purpose of gathering further authentic historical material such as that on which "Cyrano," "St. Michael's Gold," and other rousing novels were based. Far from being either a neurotic or a recluse, he speaks English all of the time, enjoys life more than most people manage to, and has a host of friends who with half an excuse would send you scorching letters of protest for the aspersions cast at this prolific writer.

NANCY LASH.

New York City.

Mr. Pratt Replies

SIR:—The statement about H. Bedford-Jones's life in Paris and antics on the typewriter was almost the only item in the article drawn from Mr. Hersey's book (page 126)* instead of from personal knowledge and experience. I am sorry it is inaccurate; and am sorry also for the remark that Mr. Bedford-Jones never spoke English, which came from a person who met him briefly under circumstances where such an impression might have arisen through an honest error.

No aspersion was intended; a fact which I think should have been sufficiently obvious from the provenance of the article, which could only have come from one who was pronouncing himself a pulp writer.

FLETCHER PRATT.

New York City.

* "H. Bedford-Jones thinks nothing of doing two novels *simultaneously*. Once, when I visited him in his home outside Paris, I found him using two typewriters, one for a Chinese, the other for a Western tale. He alternated between the machines, turning out a few pages dealing with Oriental adventure and then going over to the typewriter on the opposite side of the room and rattling off another scene in a hair-on-the-chest cowboy story."—From "Pulpwood Editor," by Harold B. Hersey.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BONAMY DOBRÉE

The Contradictory "Age of Reason"

FROM ANNE TO VICTORIA. ESSAYS BY VARIOUS HANDS. Edited by Bonamy Dobrée. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1937. $3.75.

Reviewed by CHARLES DAVID ABBOTT

THE advance guard of modern British letters, under the generalship of Mr. Bonamy Dobrée, here reinterprets, biographically and critically, an astutely selected company of the giants who directed and illuminated the actions and thought of that long period in English history which began with Blenheim and ended with the peace following Waterloo. It is a period that has lent itself too easily to pedantic generalizations. "The Age of Reason" is a glib phrase that is satisfactory only in the schools and that will not survive patient investigation. Like every other age the eighteenth century was diverse in its achievements, contradictory in its beliefs, confused in its ideals. It had its Hogarth and its Blake, its Pope and its Chatterton, its Walpole and its Burke, and, with them, all the variety of opinions and judgments for which they stood. A synthesis of such heterogeneous materials that stops at anything short of infinite variety, that marshals them into an ordered regularity definable in a phrase, is obviously fallacious. Such a synthesis requires constant refutation, and the great value of this book lies in its successful delineation of the many conflicts which resist academic systematizing. Forty-three different critical minds appraise the accomplishments and the personalities of some forty-eight representative figures. The outcome is biographical history which, in its complexity and in its unorganized development of inconsistent tendencies, resembles the period which it attempts to reproduce, and which provides a kaleidoscopic survey rich in stimulating disagreements.

The editor, in his choice of *entrepreneur* for each celebrity, has been usually both judicious and original, but occasionally he has taken the too easy course. Neither Mr. Kingsmill on Johnson nor Mrs. Carswell on Burns has anything new to say; they have already elaborated their views in excellent books and can only repeat in a concentrated general way what they have before developed at length. And Mr. G. D. H. Cole on Defoe, after his various prefaces and introductions, is not exactly a fresh interpreter. But if these were too familiar choices, most of the rest are invigoratingly different. Mr. Auden brings to his revaluation of Pope the equipment of a satirist whose lines can bite as deep, though in another direction, as "The Dunciad's." Mr. Spender sees Shelley and Keats through the eyes of the modern liberal, who is not the same prophet as his romantic ancestor. Mr. T. S. Eliot condescends to Byron and is patronizingly elegant and maliciously shrewd.

Some of the best essays are those on figures whom time has tended to obliterate. Lord Mansfield receives from Mr. Sparrow the long overdue tribute which only a scholarly lawyer could pay. Mrs. Montagu inspires Miss Rebecca West to the making of a portrait remarkable for its fine discrimination and just sense of values. And that noble farmer Coke of Norfolk, in the hands of Mr. Mottram, resumes some of his simple grandeur.

Mind and Body

PERSONAL REALISM. By James Bissett Pratt. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1937. $3.

WE have in this thoughtful book a fairly systematic exposition of his own philosophy by Professor Pratt of Williams College. He does not write for beginners. The first half of his book is a bit distracted by technicalities that have their importance, but are likely to discourage some readers, even though they are interested in philosophy. But once the problem of mind and body is reached, the keenness of criticism takes on something of the quality of wit. From here on it is a book to be reckoned with by philosopher, theologian, and scientist. The style of writing is as simple as the subject-matter will permit, and the thread of the argument never obscured.

The author says of his philosophy undogmatically: "Here is one possible way of looking at the universe." The central thought may be summed up: the self of man that knows and feels cannot be explained away. He submits the views of those who would try to minimize the self, or deny interaction of mind and body, whether materialists, positivists, behaviorists, or extreme idealists, to a searching and effective criticism. The main thesis is closely argued, and will compel him who would deny it to think out carefully his reply.

Man's Inhumanity

THE MENTALLY ILL IN AMERICA. A History of Their Care and Treatment from Colonial Times. By Albert Deutsch. With an Introduction by William A. White, M.D., Sc.D. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1937. $3.

THE BIOLOGY OF HUMAN CONFLICT. An Anatomy of Behavior, Individual and Social. By Trigant Burrow, M.D., Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1937. $3.50.

Reviewed by RAYMOND G. FULLER

IT is amazing how ignorant so many people still are on the subject of mental disease. While even the psychiatrists, by their own admission, are far from knowing all there is to be known about it, the almost superstitious ideas and often cruel attitudes of supposedly intelligent men and women seem utterly without excuse in this supposedly enlightened age. Nevertheless, it is equally amazing what changes have taken place in this country in the past hundred years, the past fifty, indeed the past quarter century, with regard to conceptions of mental illness and attitudes toward the mentally ill, on the part not only of the men of medicine but also, and perhaps more importantly, the lay public. Only as this lay public becomes educated can there be adequate provision for the institutional care and treatment of the mentally afflicted, or sufficiently prompt and willing utilization of the facilities provided, or a timely and matter-of-course resort to the counsel and assistance of the psychiatrist (doctor of mental health) in private practice. This means not only the afflicted person himself, but his family and friends.

From colonial times down to the present, Mr. Deutsch tells a dramatic and hopeful story, with just enough reference to European events and developments to keep us from feeling too ashamed of the atrocities committed in this country or too proud, patriotically, of our own record of humanitarian and scientific achievement. This work is based on a tremendous amount of research, though simply and clearly written, and is social history of the first order. Noteworthy in a book of this kind is the complete and laudable absence of any disposition to glorify the present beyond its just deserts. It is true that progress in the care and treatment of the mentally ill has gone a long way, not merely in years, from the days of belief in demoniacal possession, of confinement in madhouses where the poor unfortunates were exhibited to the populace for amusement and baiting at a price of admission, of terrifying punishments and mechanical restraints like cages and straightjackets, and even of therapy that included surprise plunges into cold water and the tortures of the "tranquillizing chair" (invented out of humane considerations), down to the modern hospital,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

public or private, for psychopathic cases. But the historical record has been uneven.

Of course, as might be expected, some pages are devoted to the witchcraft delusion, with the comment that "there were unmistakable manifestations of diseased minds among a large number of the participants—accusers, accused, and witnesses." A chapter is given to Benjamin Rush of the Pennsylvania State Hospital, "the father of American psychiatry," and another to Dorothea Lynde Dix of Massachusetts, militant crusader for humanitarian reforms in the treatment of the so-called "insane" (now a popular and a legal, rather than a psychiatric term). There is also a significant chapter on "Insanity and the Criminal Law," a field in which urgently needed reforms are awaited. The book contains chapters on the movement, of recent origin, for preventive and positive mental hygiene. All through the book Mr. Deutsch, a psychiatric layman himself and thereby the better qualified for his task, displays a socially scientific dispassionateness and objectivity. Incidentally, psychoanalysis is put in its proper subordinate place in the scheme of modern psychiatry. Valuable for diagnosis and sometimes for therapy, but by no means everything from alpha to omega.

Mr. Deutsch cites a few figures to show the prevalence of mental diseases in America. There are about 480,000 patients on the books of mental hospitals, and it has been estimated that if the same facilities for recognition and treatment as exist in New York and Massachusetts were available throughout the country, there would be nearly twice as many patients in mental hospitals as there are today. According to statistics for New York State analyzed by Horatio M. Pollock, about one person in every twenty-two may expect to spend some part of his life in a hospital for mental diseases. This is not so dreadful as it sounds, for it means that more persons are getting earlier and better treatment than is true in many other states. Moreover, the statistics available do not point conclusively to a large and rapid increase in the incidence of mental diseases relative to the population. Increase in hospitalization is a different matter. The incidence of the common neuroses is probably on the rise much more rapidly than the outright psychoses.

Dr. Burrow's book is entitled on the jacket, "Human Conflict—A Biological Interpretation." Its language is highly technical, some of it being original with the author. While based on experimental research in a "sane asylum" of volunteer subjects, the discussion is theoretical. To attempt even to state the central thesis in a few words would be unfair. Suffice it that this will be a book comprehensible and rewarding only to advanced students of psychology and psychiatry.

Raymond G. Fuller, for several years, was Director of Research in Mental Hygiene for the New York State Charities Aid Association.

Talleyrand and the Balance of Power

NAPOLEON AND TALLEYRAND. By Emile Dard. Translated by Christopher R. Turner. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 1937. $6.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

M. DARD'S book needs a sub-title. "A Study in Diplomatic History" would perhaps be most useful. The countrymen of La Bruyère and Sainte Beuve can rarely refrain from attempting *caractères,* and M. Dard is much concerned with psychological analysis. Indeed, he leads one to suppose in his introduction that he is mainly interested in the drama of human relationships between the conqueror and the minister-servant who so subtly and successfully resisted, and finally betrayed him. There is, however, little new or

TALLEYRAND: *a French caricature.*

penetrating in this part of M. Dard's work, while there is a good deal of solidity and originality in his work as a diplomatic historian.

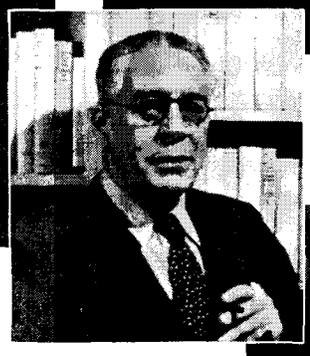
He has a far better acquaintance with the Austrian archives than had Talleyrand's most thorough biographer, the late M. Lacour-Gayet, and at least an equal command of French archives and memoirs. He gives a more complete and satisfying account of Talleyrand's work as a diplomatist between 1797 and 1815, and especially of his relations with Metternich, than any yet in print. Where Lacour-Gayet uncritically swallowed the story of Talleyrand's sale to Metternich of a dozen packets of Napoleon's correspondence for 500,000 francs, M. Dard shows that Talleyrand was probably never paid, and that most of the letters trickled back into French or private possession—after Metternich had copied them. In many other instances, he has similarly rounded out our detailed knowledge of the tortuous ways of Napoleon's Foreign Minister.

M. Dard has, what so many diplomatic historians lack, a definite thesis. Though he pays due respect to the work of Albert Sorel, his whole book is directed against the now fashionable contention of Sorel, that Napoleon's foreign policy was the "logical" result of the Directory's successful push to the natural boundaries of France—Pyrenees, Alps, Rhine, and Low Countries. According to Sorel, all Napoleon's wars, even those in Spain and Russia, were really defensive wars necessary to hold on to what the revolutionary Directory had seized. Napoleon simply could not have kept the peace under any conditions. M. Dard holds that, on the contrary, Napoleon had after the general pacification of 1801-1802 an opportunity to consolidate a greater, but not impossible France in Belgium and on the Left Bank of the Rhine. This opportunity he threw away in a mad, heroic, and quite un-French attempt to absorb all Europe into a vast empire of his own. Talleyrand, however, according to M. Dard, was always a good European and a liberal who had an instinctive feeling for true French policy—to maintain as an umpire a European balance of power in which no nation, not even France itself, had unreasonable power. After vainly attempting to persuade his master not to humiliate Austria, he went quietly to work to undermine the incredible empire of the new Charlemagne, and saw his work crowned with success in 1814. Treason to Napoleon, but loyalty to Europe and to France.

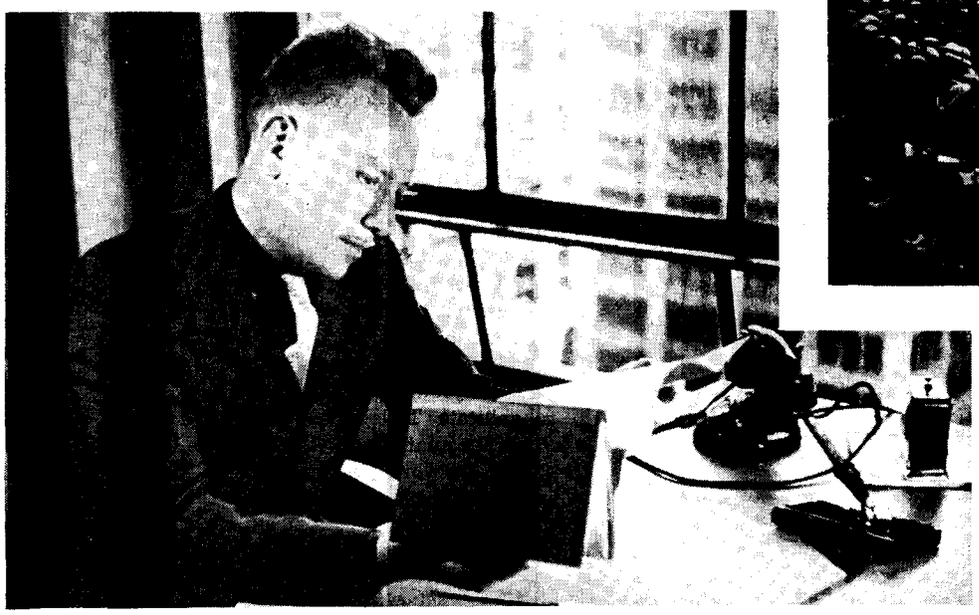
With this thesis it is now pretty easy for a non-Frenchman to agree. One hopes that M. Dard will be listened to in his own country. He has written a book which holds one's interest, and which on the whole seems fair both to Napoleon and to Talleyrand. He makes no attempt to rehabilitate Talleyrand morally. He admits his peculations and his avarice, his lying and his love of pleasure. Yet he inclines to the paradox that in a sense Talleyrand was an idealist, even a doctrinaire, in that throughout his career he was as true as circumstances would permit to the ideal of a liberal monarchy. One must not suspect M. Dard of irony here, for he is a convinced monarchist, and twentieth-century French monarchists are very serious people. He writes of "the deplorable aberration which, after the collapse of our ancient monarchy in consequence of the secret intrigues of England, who had never forgiven the American war, diverted our national history from 1792 to 1815 from its proper course." Talleyrand himself was quite aware that the "ancient monarchy" had certain internal weaknesses which had perhaps more to do with its fall than the villainous English. He had as little sentimental loyalty towards the Bourbons as toward Napoleon. Nevertheless he had some loyalties, and M. Dard is nearer understanding them than most writers who have dealt with Talleyrand.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

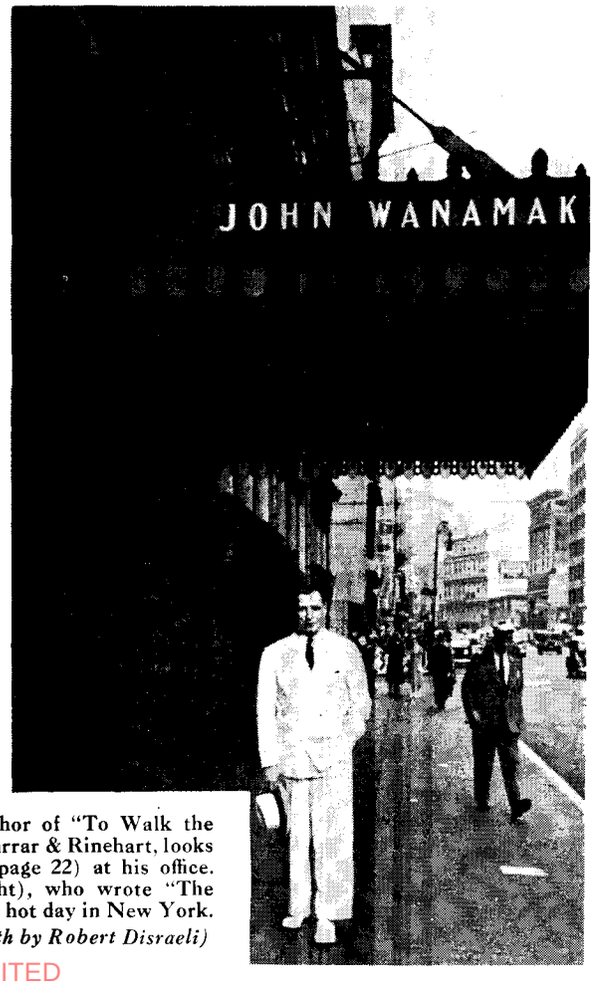
Thomas Bell, author of "All Brides Are Beautiful," is back in New York after six months of Hollywood, and reports progress on his new novel.



Elliot Paul (above), whose "Life and Death of a Spanish Town" is a Book-of-the-Month Club selection for August, entertains himself and photographer at the Hotel Lafayette. . . . (Inset, left) Harrison W. Craver, new president of the American Library Association; the recent convention of the A. L. A. is shown below.



David Cornel De Jong, winner of a Houghton-Mifflin Fellowship for 1937, visits his publishers' New York office. His fellowship project is to be a long novel laid in Holland. Mr. De Jong previously wrote "Belly Fulla Straw," a story of the Dutch in this country.



William Sloane (left), author of "To Walk the Night" and an editor at Farrar & Rinehart, looks over "Stereo-books" (see page 22) at his office. . . . Wellington Roe (right), who wrote "The Tree Falls South," spends a hot day in New York.

(News pictures of the month by Robert Disraeli)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Influence of Books

On People Who Do Not Read

BY BEN ABRAMSON

PROFESSIONALLY, a bookseller knows only one class of people: those who buy books. This is a rough classification, to be sure, for it includes both those who read much and buy many books and also those who buy only "gift books" at Christmas or commencement time. My objection to these last is not that they buy gift books but that they buy nothing else.

But there is another class of people which the bookseller sees as through a glass, darkly. He doesn't know them, for he doesn't meet them. He is only aware of them as of an elemental force. They are the people who do not read. It is for them that gift editions are made. For them, radio serials are produced. It is they who get the front seats at the Balaban and Katz theatres. It is they who write fan letters to Robert Taylor. Only God can make an actor, but they can make stars. To them publishers address their ballyhoo, for it is they who put a book on the best-seller list. It takes genius to write a great book. But it is the people who do not read who determine that book's commercial fate. I don't understand fully how it is done. But this is something like the way it works.

A book is published of which nothing extraordinary is expected. The publishers advertise it no more and no less than the rest of their list. The bookseller stocks a moderate quantity. Then, without warning, he is bombarded with orders and so is every other bookseller and every circulating library. Perhaps there was a radio talk by Alexander Woollcott; perhaps a rumor was circulated to the effect that the book had been or was going to be suppressed. Overnight it is a best-seller. It is bought, borrowed, talked about, sometimes even read. But the people who have started this bombardment do not, in any important sense, read. They look into the book, they may even con every word, but what they are doing is trying to find out what everybody is talking about. Then, because they forget easily, the best-seller is old stuff in a few weeks. The people who read may still be reading it, they may discover it months or years hence, the book may, in fact, be immortal. But literary immortality is a very quiet thing compared with the ten-days' fireworks of best-sellerdom.

I have written so far of the effect on books of the people who do not read. But my subject is the effect on *them* of the books they do not read. Books, as I believe has been said more than once, are like dynamite. They are the products of man's imagination, and imagination is continuously reshaping the world. It may even have created the world—it certainly created what we call civilized man. This dynamite may strike what seems to be an immovable body of beliefs and concepts, and shatter it completely. The man who reads understands what has happened, at least in part. He has felt the tremors, heard the distant rumbling, and when the blast comes he is on solid ground from which he can survey the upheaval and judge its consequences. But the man who does not read is mentally dislocated by the blast. He finds himself out in the cold without knowing how he got there.

The most famous example of a book of this kind is Darwin's "Origin of Species." Men of thought everywhere found this work an exhilarating experience. It was a challenge to thought and it was accepted as such by intelligent and well-balanced people. It was not necessary for them to accept Darwin's conclusions; many disagreed. The important thing was that old frontiers of thought and knowledge had been broken down and exciting new vistas spread out before them. But the people who do not read were shaken out of their accustomed mental grooves and felt only resentment. To them the book boiled down to an impious assertion that their grandfathers had been monkeys.

Now, to make a sharp break from advanced biology into the field of popular fiction, there is the case of "Babbitt," by Sinclair Lewis. Lewis did exactly what he set out to do in this book, and it was a good book, carefully observed throughout, though without much imagination. The subject of the novel was not Babbitt himself but the effect upon a man's life of the phony ideal of service. People who read found this a stimulating piece of satire. People who do not read were vastly offended. They did not understand where the story ended and the satire began. Certain details that were inserted for verisimilitude were taken for satire—for instance, the circumstances of Babbitt's life. He worked in the city, lived in a suburb, commuted every day, played golf on Sunday, was no longer in love with his wife, and frequently dreamed of his stenographer. Thousands of men in similar circumstances thought that Lewis must consider it stuffy to live in a suburb and play golf. On the contrary, these were the pleasant features of Babbitt's life, features that Lewis himself, possibly, enjoys as well. As to Babbitt's emotional state, it was a tragic one, and the most tragic thing about it was that Babbitt did not consider it so. The satire of the book was directed at Babbitt's attitude toward life, not at his place of residence or his recreations.

And now that the people who do not read have been accustomed for a generation to Darwin's ideas and for several years to Lewis's, a mood of tolerance has set in. It is not that they have grown to accept these ideas—they had no convictions about them before and they have none now—it is just that the strangeness has worn away and they are used to them. They now repeat and take for granted ideas that have become more or less respectable with the passing of time. You often hear a business man (who lives in a suburb and works in the city) refer to himself laughingly as a "Babbitt," or make some joke about his ancestors while he stands in front of a monkey-cage. He has not learned to think, he has simply been induced to swallow.

Look at the fate of Karl Marx's "Das Kapital," among the people who do not read. "Das Kapital" is a difficult book to read and it is widely unread. One man, a student perhaps, reads it and understands it, or at least grasps its essentials. But he has some variations of his own to introduce and in the process he extends Marx's argument in the direction of his own peculiar bias. He "interprets" Marx and his interpretation is more readable than the original. A writer for the intellectual magazines reads this apparently learned condensation and uses it as the basis for an interpretation of his own; and in doing so he still further distorts a distortion. His article, in turn, is read by a writer for the popular magazines who "popularizes" it—that is, completely corrupts the original expressed thought which he has received at fourth-hand. Then a writer for the daily journals publishes his version, in which all the misconceptions along the line are served up and additional ones of his own thrown in. The journal for which he writes is read by a guy who makes a speech in a beer-hall or on a soap-box before people who not only don't, but can't, read. And that is the story of the house that Marx built.

A writer's commercial welfare depends upon the people who do not read. If he has enough stuff in him to be widely misinterpreted, he will travel by the thousands of copies on street-cars, on sleepers, on trailers, he will fly through the air, he will go down to the sea in ships. He will go far—but the one place he can never penetrate is the brain of the public. However, if he is at their mercy, they are also at his. They can't do without him—they are a literate people. They've got to know enough about his work to discuss it at dinner, they've got to write papers about it for their club meetings. He haunts them, goads them, worries them. And he has more prestige among them than among the people who do read, because reading people discriminate. He has more prestige than all the scientists and all the humanitarians; more even than actors, because the people have seen the actor and can safely criticize his appearance and his gestures. But the writer's business is so mysterious. However does he think up all those things?

Mr. Abramson is proprietor of the Argus Book Shop, Chicago.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

English '37

(*Continued from page 8*)

Much of the resistance or discomfort of the reader which this discussion undertook to explain comes from the novelist's offering him material which is not properly fiction at all or which has not been completely converted into fiction from its original state.

In this discussion certain terms have been frequently repeated. We have spoken, for instance, of the "scene" without bothering to define what is meant. The word seems inevitable, a natural description of something which everyone who reads novels must recognize. It has also been natural to speak of the scene as moving or flowing, to object to certain things as interrupting its progress, and to commend other things as giving it rhythm or motion. Any discussion of fiction must approach one aspect of it with these terms or with similar ones. For an important attribute of fiction—in my opinion, the most nearly indispensable one—is movement. Easily recognizable when it is present, immediately missed when it is not, it cannot be easily analyzed. For the movement of fiction is not so simple as that of music, where tones follow one another in a time-sequence, or that of the moving picture, where movement in space is added to the succession of images in time. It is always a complex movement, since various kinds of motion usually occur at once, and to tell the truth it is sometimes only a metaphorical movement, since some of the things which produce the motion of fiction cannot be said with literal accuracy to be themselves in motion. Furthermore, though some of it is movement within the fiction, sometimes it is movement only in the perceptions of the reader, and sometimes, at its most difficult, it consists of a unique relation between the fiction and the reader. Nevertheless we must attempt an analysis, for fiction is a dynamic art, and a common mistake of novelists is to treat their material as if it were a static one.

The simplest approach is to examine the scene itself. It may have three kinds of primary movement. Obviously, it may move in space; less obviously, it may move in time; less obviously still it may move by being emotional or by producing emotion. (It may move, of course, in all three dimensions at once, and may also have other qualities of movement which we may call secondary.) When stately, plump Buck Mulligan comes from the stairhead, his dressing gown floats behind him, he raises the bowl, he speaks, he goes to the stairway, looks down, and speaks again. All his actions are obviously movement. We follow them precisely as we should follow them on a screen or, if we were present, on the tower itself. In the later, more subjective passage the same kind of movement occurs: "Their dog ambled about a bank of dwindling sand, trotting, sniffing on all sides." Less directly recorded, it occurs in "Do you see the tide flowing quickly in on all sides, sheeting the lows of sands quickly, shell-cocoacolored?" This kind of movement is simply physical action in space. It needs no further description, and it is the same whether the hero of the amateur's short story flicks the ash from his cigarette or Handsome Harry fiendishly pushes toward the buzzsaw the carrier on which he has bound the helpless and innocent Bertha who has thwarted his desires. It is physical movement in the scene itself and its primary effect is to keep the reader's visual image of the scene in motion.

It is not at once apparent that what Buck Mulligan says is also dynamic, but let us recast the sentences. "He held the bowl aloft and intoned the opening words of the introibo of the Mass." "He peered down the dark winding stairs and told Stephen to come up." Buck Mulligan's personal movements are still rendered directly, but what he says has been put in indirect discourse. "Told Stephen to come up" is reported, summarized, stated, whereas " 'Come up, Kinch. Come up, you fearful jesuit,' " reaches the reader in the process of occurring. It is in motion, whereas the statement of it in indirect discourse was static. Subject to reservations which we shall consider later, we may assume that dialogue is movement whereas a summary or statement of it is not.

(*To be continued*)

Thomas De Quincey

(*Continued from page 4*)

velopment until some years later in the hands of Dickens and Thackeray and Trollope. De Quincey indicated the trend toward realism in the style he used for the "Autobiographic Sketches" and the "Reminiscences," but his own tastes ran in the other direction. The style for which he became famous was based on the grandiloquent prose of the seventeenth century, particularly as seen in the writings of Milton, Sir Thomas Browne, Jeremy Taylor, and the translators of the King James Bible.

It is significant that one of the dominating passions of De Quincey's life was music. He was strongly ear-minded rather than eye-minded. He was only mildly interested in the art of painting which meant so much to Lamb and Hazlitt. He speaks of spending opium-drugged nights at the opera listening to Grassini in a melomanic rapture; his dreams were filled with the mighty pæans of a superterrestrial organ. He was offended by the very presence of a book bearing on its backbone the harsh title "Burke's Works." When he wrote, he sounded every syllable in his ear before putting it to paper, and he built his single sentences and paragraphs on the complex patterns of a fugue.

It has often been maintained, especially by people ignorant of De Quincey's character and unfamiliar with any great body of his writings, that his work is the result of opium-eating, and that he owes the particular grandeur of his style and imagery to the effects of the drug on his imagination. Opium, however, can not bring up out of the mind anything that is not already there. De Quincey says of the dreaming faculty:

> He whose talk is of oxen will probably dream of oxen; and the condition of human life which yokes so vast a majority to a daily experience incompatible with much elevation of thought sometimes neutralizes the tone of grandeur in the reproductive faculty of dreaming, even for those whose minds are populous with solemn imagery. Habitually to dream magnificently, a man must have a constitutional determination to reverie.

There can be no doubt that his was a mind innately endowed with imaginative splendor. His childhood was rich with the wonder of life, and his adolescence was climaxed by a premature encounter with the nocturnal world of London that was forever to remain seared into his memory. Opium needed to serve only as a key to release into consciousness the secret images of his brain.

Opium played its part in his life, but much of its influence was malign. It furthered the growth of his all too ready habit of procrastination, and it slowed down his literary output. It brought him fame as an author but it also was responsible for the distorted estimation of his character that his contemporaries established—an estimation that has unfortunately persisted to this day.

The records of great men are all too often unduly weighted by the memorabilia of their declining years when their greatness has been firmly established. With De Quincey we are more fortunate, for he has left us a wealth of autobiographical material that is concerned with his youth. We can relive with him the life of a child in the days when "Dr. Johnson had only just ceased to be a living author"; we are permitted to jog along in the family carriage behind a postilion; we can visit the night-bound purlieus of Oxford Street, forever haunted for readers of De Quincey by the pathetic ghost of Ann; and we can go down with victory on a coach carrying the Royal English Mail—and a diminutive Oxford undergraduate. These are the years that were filled with color—they are suffused with the heady air of morning. And the memory that most of us are likely to cherish of this odd little figure who made for himself an enduring niche in the history of our literature, is not of the wraithlike creature of the grey Edinburgh years, but of a youth who set out one bright morning to meet the vicissitudes of this world, armed only with "a parcel . . . a favorite English poet . . . and a small duodecimo volume containing about nine plays of Euripides."

The foregoing article in expanded form will constitute the Introduction to the "Selected Writings of Thomas De Quincey," edited by Mr. Stern and shortly to be published by Random House.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS

HAVE THE HONOR TO ANNOUNCE

THE PUBLICATION ON JULY TWENTY-FIRST

OF A NEW VOLUME OF POETRY ENTITLED

"CONVERSATION AT MIDNIGHT"

BY EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

"CONVERSATION AT MIDNIGHT" is published in the following editions:

De Luxe Limited Edition, on vellum, autographed, 31 copies for sale at $50 a copy. Boxed.*

Limited Autographed Edition on Arches hand-made paper. 569 copies at $15.00 a copy. Boxed.*

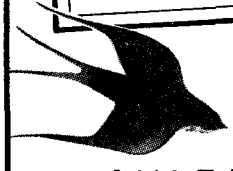
Regular Trade Edition, cloth $2.00; leather, $3.00.

**Whole edition subscribed. Copies to be had only from Booksellers.*

A novel of beauty and great compassion— E. M. Delafield's story of two children of divorce

NOTHING IS SAFE

With the same wit, charm and understanding that she displayed in writing of her own children in the popular "Provincial Lady" books E. M. Delafield now tells the story of a brother and sister whose life is divided between the households of their mother and father, each remarried, and of their grandfather. A dramatic and appealing portrait of two young people in their relation to each other and to a disturbing adult world. $2.50



THEY CAME LIKE SWALLOWS

by William Maxwell

The novel of which *The Saturday Review* said: "The enthusiasm for 'They Came Like Swallows' is pretty close to unanimous. It is simple and human enough to appeal to almost anybody. Throughout the country the reviews are favorable. This department welcomes the opportunity to record the verdict of the overwhelming majority. Possibly it may do something toward keeping a good book going." $2.00

CAPITAL KALEIDOSCOPE

by Frances Parkinson Keyes

A noted author, who is also one of Washington's most distinguished hostesses, gives intimate and sparkling reminiscences.

"Officially, professionally, socially Mrs. Keyes has known the life of the capital for nearly two decades — decades rich in contrast! Her book has vitality, frankness and intimacy." — *N. Y. Times Book Review.* Illustrated. $3.50

THE MIRACLE OF ENGLAND

by André Maurois

The book that takes you inside England

Ever since its publication, this dramatic pageant of England's history from the earliest times to the accession of George VI has been on the best seller lists. In it the author of *Ariel* and *Disraeli* brings to vivid life the events and personalities of England's history. "Surveyed and illuminated."—*N. Y. Times Book Review.* Illustrated. $3.75

HARPER & BROTHERS · 49 East 33rd Street · New York

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sense and Nonsense

LANGUAGE, TRUTH AND LOGIC. By Alfred J. Ayer. New York: Oxford University Press. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by D. W. PRALL

IF this book were to be widely read for what it actually says about sense and nonsense in philosophy, it might work infinite good. Mr. Ayer thinks that "the majority of those who are commonly supposed to have been great philosophers were primarily not metaphysicians but analysts." Thus the brilliant school of logical positivism, which would purge philosophy of metaphysics, emerges as the heir of the thinking ages.

The important point, however, is that the argument of these men is on a new level. Knowledge, so far as it is not the validity of the analytic propositions of logic and mathematics, is totally made up of more or less probable hypotheses. Genuine hypotheses are in principle verifiable by defined empirical procedures, whether or not these can be carried out in practice. At this point we come upon the crucial new doctrine: it is only statements to which such procedures of verification are relevant that actually have meaning. Instead of arguing for or against such a question as whether or not our senses acquaint us with the "real world," the logical empiricist asks what sense experience would have any bearing on the question. If he sees that no such experience could occur, he sees that there could be no answer. If a purported answer is given, he sees that it is nonsense. For its being true could not be distinguished from its being false. And a statement the truth of which would necessarily and in principle be indistinguishable from, and so equivalent to, its falsity, is precisely like a contradiction in that it could not possibly apply to anything whatever. Since this is settled once for all by the conventions of ordinary language, the requirements for communication, such a statement fails to make sense.

After the "elimination of metaphysics" on this charge in his first chapter, Mr. Ayer expounds the nature of philosophical analysis, the *a priori*, and truth and probability. He is then in a position to give us his convincing "critique of ethics and theology." After an account of knowledge, which belongs to a self recognizing other selves in a common world, we come to the concluding chapter. This reviews some of the main traditional issues of philosophy, exhibits their patent lack of meaning, and brings to light the significant function of philosophy as the logic of science.

Unsympathetic critics will damn "Language, Truth and Logic" as thin and dogmatic. They will neglect its analyses, while they hasten to conceal its palpable hits under a fresh layer of the solemn verbiage that Mr. Ayer has proved meaningless. Other more eager, or perhaps more serious, readers will find in the book not arrogant dogmatism but directness and stimulating conviction. Mr. Ayer's is not a philosophy to end philosophy; but it may well be taken as signalizing the completion of a stage in modern thought from the vantage point of which—to take a case in point—the advocacy of medieval Aristotelianism to secure unity and coherence in university education will be seen to be either a revival of religious mysticism or downright obscurantism. Instead of such modes of sheer escape Mr. Ayer's healthy-mindedness suggests the dissolution of the confusion of our complex world by analysis. He gives us no glimpse of a Rock of Ages; but neither does he propound a transcendental hoax.

Philosophy is not and has not ever been the love of God or the love of righteousness; it is the search for knowledge. Its unity is the unity of science. Mr. Ayer sets out its present task and enunciates its proved method. We are thus left with logic and empirical science to bring order into the world of actual experience. And the perfect success of philosophy in this our only world would be the achievement here of a rational control for which only the technical methods of analysis can furnish the required knowledge.

The definitive biography

AUDUBON:

An Intimate Life of the American Woodsman

by

Stanley Clisby Arthur

Includes Complete Bibliography of Audubon's Works and Plates

Limited Signed $10.00
Trade Edition $5.00

Sold by Subscription Only

Write Direct to

HARMANSON, Publisher
333 Royal Street
NEW ORLEANS

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 173)

CHARLES KINGSLEY—
"WATER BABIES."

There was a . . . foolish couple . . . who were beating a wretched little radish no bigger than my thumb for sullenness and obstinacy and wilful stupidity and never knew . . . that there was a great worm inside eating out all its brains.

A Titanic Struggle of Conflicting Cultures

THE CIVIL WAR AND RECONSTRUCTION. By J. G. Randall. Boston: D. C. Heath and Company. 1937. $5.

Reviewed by PAUL H. BUCK

AMONG living authorities on the Civil War era none deserves higher rating than J. G. Randall, Professor of History in the University of Illinois. From years of research and mature thinking he now produces a detailed, nine-hundred-page survey of the period 1850 to 1877. The publishers of this important work have seen fit to give it a format somewhat suggestive of a textbook. The book deserves, however, to be considered as a major historical treatise.

The vast output of published work dealing with the Civil War and its aftermath that has come from the press in recent years testifies to the common acceptance of the period as the most significant in our history for its decisive influence on American development. Mr. Randall's prime contribution is his masterly synthesis of this accumulated bibliography. He has shown rare discrimination in selecting the good from the bad in this literature, accepting the theses that are sound and rejecting the fallacious, and weaving the whole into a balanced and valid pattern. More than this, Mr. Randall has spent many hours of research in the vast body of source material which in spite of many workers still seems inexhaustible. Every one of his chapters gives evidence of many contributions of his own, so modestly introduced as perhaps to escape the casual reader. But every co-worker in the field will readily pay tribute to the research, intelligence, and judiciousness of this master.

A generation ago James Ford Rhodes published his seven volumes on the same period, a work rightly described as a landmark in American historiography. Comparison of Rhodes with Mr. Randall's new book demonstrates the tremendous advance in factual knowledge, scope of interest, and depth of interpretation made by a generation of American scholarship.

And yet, as the editor of *The Saturday Review* recently observed, we have not yet reached the final truth in regard to the cataclysmic middle decades of the nineteenth century. Before we reach that goal we shall need another generation of scholarship. Paradoxically it may be that the key to this new quest will be found in Seward's phrase "the irrepressible conflict," a phrase which Mr. Randall describes as "overworked," and one he combats as suggesting the inevitableness of the Civil War. Yet it should be pointed out, as Arthur Schlesinger has so often and patiently remarked, Seward originally coined the words not in reference to any coming war on the battlefield but to suggest the titanic struggle of conflicting cultures for mastery within one union. It was the destiny of American culture that was being decided, a choice of patterns, a selection of *the* way of national life from many ways of provincial lives.

Paul H. Buck is the author of "The Road to Reunion."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Clearing House

CONDUCTED BY AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be directed to Miss Loveman, in care of The Saturday Review.

A BALANCED RATION FOR A WEEK'S READING

TWENTY YEARS A-GROWING. By Maurice O'Sullivan. *Viking.*

BLACK APRIL. By Julia Peterkin. *Bobbs-Merrill.*

GREEN HELL. By Julian Duguid. *Appleton-Century.*

"Dear Jane"

A. B. B. of Baltimore, Md., *inquired some weeks ago whether "Dear Jane," the play on Jane Austen by Helen Holmes Hinkley, which was produced by the Civic Repertory Company in 1932, was ever published, and if not whether a copy of it in any form is available.*

MY inquiries of Samuel French bore out my own impression that the play had never been issued in book form. It had, according to French, eleven performances, and, of course, somewhere in existence must be the scripts used by the actors in preparation for it. Perhaps inquiry of Miss Eva Le Gallienne or some of her associates would be able to produce one.

The Newspaper in Fiction

M. S. of Cincinnati, O., *wants the names of a few works of fiction in which the American newspaper or the American newspaperman has a place of importance.*

Of many such novels a few of the more outstanding are WINESBURG, OHIO (Viking), by Sherwood Anderson, MOON CALF and THE BRIARY BUSH (Doubleday, Doran), by Floyd Dell, THE GENIUS (Boni), by Theodore Dreiser, and FRIENDS OF MR. SWEENEY (McBride), by Elmer Davis.

Scientific Novels

M. H. M. of Garden City, L. I., *asks assistance in making out a list of scientific novels, including such books as* THE TIME MACHINE.

"Scientific Novels" is an elastic term, and fiction which might be described as scientific can under certain definitions of the word be stretched to include an unwieldy number of titles. I shall perforce confine myself to a small range. A book like Sinclair Lewis's ARROWSMITH (Harcourt, Brace), of course, springs instantly to mind for there the technique of the research laboratory is thrown into the forefront of interest. Alan Hart's THE UNDAUNTED (Norton), with its physician for hero, is scientific in another fashion. The life of the laboratician is set forth again in C. P. Snow's THE SEARCH (Bobbs-Merrill), while Leonid Leonov's SKUTAREVSKY (Harcourt, Brace) once more centers about a doctor. I have just finished reading the English edition of a novel shortly to be issued in this country by Scribners, E. C. Large's SUGAR IN THE AIR, in which is set forth in great and fascinating detail the efforts of a young chemical engineer to distil sugar from the air in quantities sufficient to make it commercially profitable. The book, of course, belongs in the field of pseudo-scientific fiction, despite its air of plausibility its processes are fabrications of the novelist's imagination. This scientific aspect of the story is only a part of its thesis, which is a satire on methods of big business. To get back to older books: there are Conan Doyle's absorbing A LOST WORLD (Doubleday, Doran) in which breath-taking adventure plays itself out on a plateau in South America which has been left isolated at an early time in the earth's history and still retains forms of life extinct elsewhere on the planet; Joseph O'Neill's LAND UNDER ENGLAND (Simon & Schuster), which lies halfway between scientific fantasy and satire and is bitterly anti-fascist; Aldous Huxley's BRAVE NEW WORLD. (Doubleday), and Karel Capek's THE ABSOLUTE AT LARGE (Macmillan), in which an engineer creates a machine which destroys matter and liberates the spiritual essences. Everyone, of course, at this point will recall Mrs. Shelley's FRANKENSTEIN (Everyman's Library) as of course, too, everyone will remember that among the most famous of the pseudo-scientific romances are those of Jules Verne. Finally, for this list must come to an end, and since M. E. M. wants it to include such books as THE TIME MACHINE, I add the names of some of Wells's other romances: THE ISLAND OF DR. MOREAU (Doubleday, Doran), THE WAR OF THE WORLDS (Harpers), and IN THE DAYS OF THE COMET (Scribners).

Notice

to POETS *and their* FRIENDS

GOOD poetry obtains first recognition through mouth-to-mouth advertising . . . Read good verse and talk about it, thus stimulating the public interest in poetry . . . Macmillan recommends the following books of verse recently added to their list:

RUTH PITTER
A Mad Lady's Garland ($1.25)
*A Trophy of Arms ($1.75)

LAURENCE WHISTLER
The Emperor Heart ($1.50)
**Four Walls ($1.25)

MARGUERITE YOUNG
Prismatic Ground ($1.75)

KERR RAINSFORD
The Maid of Orleans ($1.75)

JOSEPH AUSLANDER
More Than Bread ($1.50)

C. F. MacINTYRE
Poems ($1.25)

ROBERT FRANCIS
Stand With Me Here ($1.75)

ELDER OLSON
Thing of Sorrow ($1.75)

MARYA ZATURENSKA
Threshold and the Hearth ($1.50)

*Awarded the Hawthornden Prize.
**Awarded the King's Gold Medal.

Will you read them? And, if you like them, will you talk about them?

For sale at all bookstores, or direct from

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
60 Fifth Avenue New York

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nippon's Dilemma

JAPAN'S FEET OF CLAY. By Freda Utley. New York: W. W. Norton & Company. 1937. $3.75.

Reviewed by ALBERT PARRY

JAPAN is bluffing, says Dr. Utley. Her socio-political house is as wobbly as her economic base is rotten. She has neither the materials nor the morale for a big war, but if not checked in her bullying she may pick up in China enough resources to be a real menace. The author, formerly with the London School of Economics, has spent two recent years of close study in Japan. The book is of solid yet readable scholarship, a digest of many statistical reports on the morass of Nippon's feudal capitalism, a voice of deep pity for the lower classes of the land (plus a feminist twinge for Japan's lowest helots—her women), but of no sympathy for the country as a whole.

Yet, there should be compassion for Japan as such. As the author herself suggests, Japan made colonial slaves out of her own peasants and workers to avoid becoming a white man's colony. The problem is, how to abolish the vicious system yet preserve the nation's independence. By constant comparison of modern Japan with Czarist Russia, by showing the spectre of a revolution over the isles, the author seems to hint that a proletarian rising is in order. But Dr. Utley admits that Nippon's proletariat (particularly male) is small. There is a large middle class in the country—and this is where the likeness to Czarist Russia ends. Most oppressed of Japan are her peasants, but the petit bourgeois tendencies of any country's rustics are well known. If and when Japan's peasants, aided by the lower middle classes, succeed in destroying the upper classes, they are apt (so it seems to me) to run the country along capitalistic lines, however modified. How long before the shrewder among the victors will fill the boots of the destroyed classes, and the old tale begin anew? Or suppose England and the U. S. A. heed the author's plea (which is, incidentally, an echo of the plea-thesis of Soviet diplomacy addressed to Downing Street) and, in farsighted self-defense, check Japan. How long, before the capitalists of these or other powers, in lieu of her native Mitsui and Mitsubishi, will begin to exploit Japan? Dr. Utley predicts an easy victory for those who would check today's Nippon. But in this she views the latter as a lone warrior. What of Germany and Italy as her allies? And even of England's tories who by no means have outlived the pact of 1902?

The reader will journey with interest and profit through Dr. Utley's revealing data but will approach with caution her predictions. History and economics being realms of unfathomable surprises, it should be against trade-union rules for their priests to indulge in bold prophecies.

Albert Parry is a fellow in the department of history at the University of Chicago, specializing in the problems of the Far East and Russia.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE CABANA MURDERS *Joel Y. Dane* (Crime Club: $2.)	Four killings on exclusive islet off L. I., all with unfathomable weapons, keep Sgt. Harty and stooge Barney in continual dither.	No dull moments in beach-front bombardment, with side lines of serious drinking, business chicanery, and blowzy romance.	Admirable
A MAN'S ENEMIES *Lee Thayer* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Many called as suspects in strangling of Long Island millionaire but Peter Clancy unerringly chooses the guilty garroter.	Not too convincing in early chapters but works up to a smash climax in which two gentlemen's gentlemen figure delightfully.	Higher brackets
BEFORE THE COCK CROWED *Wm. Edward Hayes* (Crime Club: $2.)	Nasty-minded medico murdered; compromised mountain maiden also slain; thereby interrupting investigator Halstead's Maryland fishing excursion.	Unpleasant people against feverish house-party background, psychopathic trimmings, swift action, and cleverly contrived solution.	Passable
DEATH BY INVITATION *Gail Stockwell* (Macmillan: $2.)	Unpleasant old woman with unsavory kin opines she will be murdered. And she is, despite watchfulness of Detective Kingsley.	Furiously boiling emotions of throng of thwarted people lend sinister zest to tale not any too strong on sleuthing side.	Interesting
THE METHODS OF DR. SCARLETT *Alexander Laing* (Farrar and Rinehart: $2.)	Rubicund ship's doctor straightens out tangled marital affairs of passengers with humor and finesse. No murders—but one attempt.	Conversation and battle of wits count more here than overt action. Some fidgety readers may even find it slightly boring.	Pleasant

A Puzzling Career

AUDUBON, AN INTIMATE LIFE OF THE AMERICAN WOODSMAN. By Stanley Clisby Arthur. New Orleans: Harmanson. 1937. $5.

I WHO SHOULD COMMAND ALL. By Alice Jaynes Tyler. New Haven, Conn.: The Framamat Publishing Company. 1937. $1.50.

Reviewed by TOWNSEND SCUDDER, III

AUDUBON has become by now the subject of many books. But new books on him, if they have merit, need not plead excuse for existence. They indicate the living appeal of a vivid personality. It is to be hoped Mr. Arthur's biography will find the readers which its completeness, its long and careful preparation, deserve. Recently we have had able, charmingly written appreciations of Audubon and his art. While these have stirred popular imagination, strictly speaking they cannot be called true biographies. For the most part, save for freshness of appraisal, they offer little new light.

Mr. Arthur, during many painstaking years, has worked with the tools of the genuine biographer. Wherever possible he has drawn, not on the editorially "improved" printed version of Audubon's journals, but on the originals with all their quaintness of orthography and anarchy of grammar. These records he has supplemented with heretofore unpublished letters and he has filled in the backgrounds of his portrait through the testimony of those who intimately knew the naturalist. Mr. Arthur has not resolved all the interesting puzzles about Audubon—one cannot satisfy oneself concerning the enigma of his birth—but with fortunate impartiality the biographer gives valuable new evidence concerning several details of the naturalist's career. Audubon's contradictory statements about certain events in his life are the despair of the methodical biographer in search of conclusions. Mr. Arthur has wisely not taken sides, but wherever possible he has tested the accuracy of the temperamental naturalist's comments on himself. It is a pity Mr. Arthur's writing falls somewhat short of the finished smoothness one might hope for. But this is a minor fault, forgivable in the realization that here are offered from documents heretofore not readily at hand a fuller history of Audubon and more abundant clues to his complex personality.

"I Who Should Command All" is by a devoted partisan of the belief that Audubon was the lost Dauphin, child of Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI of France. It relies for its arguments chiefly on quotations from Audubon's journals published for the first time in this and Mr. Arthur's book. These new abstracts are transcripts, not of the original journals, but of copies made from them by Maria Audubon, the naturalist's granddaughter. From these, and other highly interesting materials, Mrs. Tyler's book presents a chain of circumstantial evidence and coincidence to show that Audubon was the lost Dauphin, and there is no denying that the case made out cannot be lightly dismissed. If one wants to believe the legend, it now becomes easier to do so.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sales in Print

A PREFACE TO ADVERTISING. By Mark O'Dea. New York: Whittlesey House. 1937. $2.

Reviewed by EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

THE fifty-two essays in Mr. O'Dea's book originally appeared in *Printers' Ink*, and have the faults as well as the virtues of such serial publication. They have no tie except the common theme of advertising, but skip about gayly among such topics as copy, art, psychology, history, research, radio, mediums, and economics. The timeliness of some of them has faded. But on the other hand, they are sprightly, spontaneous, and eminently readable, and Mr. O'Dea touches none of the major topics of advertising that he does not adorn. No new theory is put forth, but basic principles are restated in fresh words, and his little papers are leavened with an ingrained practical common-sense.

They are models of condensation. Years of writing advertising within frames as fixed and inelastic as the high cost of white space determines have taught the author to use the right word, and only the right word, to express his idea. Short as they are, each covers its subject. They are examples of advertisements at their best, colloquial, witty, lucid, and logical.

The titles are as alluring as the text, "In Praise of Exaggeration," "S-s-s-s-sh . . . Sex!", "Echoes into Thunder," "Barnum had but one Jumbo" (an amusing travesty on the exploitation of the Dionne sisters), "The Male Approach," ". . . after they've seen Paree!", or "Kisses from Venus."

The pages sparkle with quotable epigrams: "We've a better world with a bit of the proper kind of Fear in the advertising"; "No ad solely pictorial can pay" (an argument might be started on that dictum); "Repetition and continuity are the very life blood of advertising"; "Vanity in advertising is one of the numerous serpents in our Garden of Eden"; "A headline that stops, a picture that helps, a story that sells"; "That humor can rarely be used is one of its virtues"; "Romance is the heart-throb theme—economy the chilly pocketbook appeal"; "No ambitious copywriter should fail to be a voracious reader of 'Americana'" (and recommends "Glory Roads" and "Catalogue" as examples); "In patronizing the public the job of getting the public to patronize the store is weakened."

One of the more interesting causeries is an analysis of the late Morrill Goddard's recipe for a successful magazine (*The American Weekly*). Mr. Goddard lists fifteen appeals, eleven of which, thinks Mr. O'Dea, are patterns for winning sales in print: Love, Hate, Fear, Vanity (not, be it noted, the vanity scored above; that was vanity of the advertiser; the appeal to the vanity of the consumer is legitimate), Curiosity, Veneration, Ambition, Culture, Heroism, Science, Amusement. He rejects Morality, Religion, Evil Doing and Immortality, though they too have a place in some form of advertising.

Mr. O'Dea is a successful advertising executive, and these brief papers are the essence of his business philosophy. Naturally they are strongly pro-advertising as is, with little of the critical attitude, and no misgivings. His position is the narrow one of expediency. This is advice to the advertiser to make his selling more efficient. "A Preface to Advertising," with its disarmingly modest title, will afford entertainment, inspiration, and practical help to all who live by writing copy to sell goods.

Quaker Aristocrat

WILLIAM PENN: A TOPICAL BIOGRAPHY. By William I. Hull. New York: Oxford University Press. 1937. $5.

CHRONOLOGY is often a tyrant for historians or biographers. Try as they may, they cannot quite pack all they have to narrate into a rigorous time-sequence. Professor Hull, true to his Quaker antecedents, has defied the tyrant and written what he calls a "topical biography" of the founder of Pennsylvania. Under a series of headings such as "Penn's Family," "The Author," "The Colonizer," "The Statesman," and so on, he exhausts one aspect of his subject before he takes up another. He is surprisingly successful in avoiding repetition, the worst danger of his method. Penn's varied career on two continents falls neatly into this arrangement. A detailed chronology in the back of the book is always available to the reader as he follows Penn in a dozen activities. There is even a complete catalogue of Penn's numerous places of residence. All in all, this unorthodox way of writing biography comes off very well.

In scholarship this life is fully up to the standards of the chair of research in Quaker history which the author occupies at Swarthmore. It deserves the professional adjective of praise, "definitive." Yet the adjective ought not to frighten any interested reader. Professor Hull is far from the tricks of the smart biographer, but he has a sense of reality which is very much of a sense of humor. He is constantly exposing, by the simple process of quoting, the absurdities into which his less cautious and less well-trained predecessors in the biography of Penn have fallen. In particular, his "topic" on Penn's ancestors is recommended to all who enjoy the spectacle of what literary magic can make of nothing at all. About Penn's mother Professor Hull is driven to the conclusion that we know very little indeed. Yet other biographers have been confident that she was Dutch, Irish, English, homely, slatternly, good-looking, comely, tender-hearted, a maiden and a widow!

Penn is, in no very subtle sense, a hero to this most recent biographer. The apparent contradictions between the "convinced" Quaker and the great lord, the courtier of James II and the democrat, the lover of peace and the immoderate controversialist, do not seem to trouble Professor Hull as they might trouble a psychologist or even a sociologist. Yet he gives all the pertinent facts, properly sifted and accredited, and those who find Penn not quite as simple as the hero of an epic may try their own hands at interpreting him. Professor Hull has given them ample material.

Smart Little Navy

COAST GUARD TO THE RESCUE. By Karl Baarslag. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1937. $2.50.

IN his latest book, a companion to "S O S to the Rescue," Karl Baarslag has again shown his genius for the logical and interesting assembling of facts about the sea. Much has been written about the U. S. Coast Guard, formerly the U. S. Revenue Cutter Service, but this book is unique, for its field is the peace-time activities of Uncle Sam's smart little navy. The wartime record of the Coast Guard, for it has taken part in every war since its formation in 1790 by Alexander Hamilton, sometimes seems to overshadow its continuous war against the elements, against the lawlessness of smugglers and poachers, and against the perils of ice.

Mr. Baarslag has produced an admirable book out of the vast records of this service. Indeed it sums up the whole story of the Coast Guard, its efficient "Flying Lifeboats," its far-flung line of Coast Guard Stations, and its famous Beach Patrol. The offshore work of its heavy cruising cutters, on International Ice Patrol, the Sea Patrol, the Far North Patrol, and the Atlantic, Gulf, and Pacific Coast Patrol, is told in terms of achievement, much of it heroic, all of it saturated with the salt of the sea.

The Great Lakes alone tell a story, taken from Coast Guard records, unique in the history of man's struggle with the elements. Almost, as if prophetic, the story goes into the rescue work during great river floods. Rum-runners have given way to narcotic and arms smugglers, and the battle continues, afloat and in the air. The book is one of the most interesting of its kind. It is fully illustrated from official photographs.

P. E. G. QUERCUS
discovers
To Walk the Night
by WILLIAM SLOANE
{from "Trade Winds", July 17}

"A REALLY fine scalp-prickler . . . a first-class shudder: *not* the conventional story (though it has a very excellent detective*) but a most skilfully imparted gust of chill from Somewhere Else."

Old Q. seconds the nomination of the S.R.'s regular reviewer who said: "This is a really superior mystery story that has moved out of the Criminal Record and claims attention as a novel . . . there is no detective in it* but only an absorbing and impenetrable problem, a group of finely developed characters, and a terrifying solution . . . It keeps moving and building its tension and grasping at your imagination."

**You boys better get together on this.*

—THE PUBLISHERS

A NEW, DELECTABLE DISH FOR HORROR - AND - MYSTERY GLUTTONS

$2.50—FARRAR & RINEHART

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

Biography

FROM BRYAN TO STALIN. By William Z. Foster. International Publishers. 1937. $3.

Ostensibly an autobiography, this book is in large part an account of the labor movement in the United States during the last twenty-five years as seen from an extreme left-wing point of view. Mr. Foster is far less concerned with his own ego than the great majority of those who write books about themselves. Yet his personal experiences, revealed as it were by an occasional aside, are of absorbing interest. Of shanty Irish parentage, one of twenty-three children borne by his mother, of whom only four are now alive, he was forced by poverty to leave school for work at ten years of age. Subsequently he toiled at almost every sweated, back-breaking, and disease-breeding occupation open to members of the submerged tenth. A hard school, but young Foster was made of hard stuff.

Always an avid student, Foster derived his real education not only from the printed page but also and to a far greater degree from actual experience in labor and party battles. Thus Bryan, "petty bourgeois" Bryan, served merely as the starting point of a career which embraced more and more intensive activities on behalf of the Socialist Party, the Wage Workers Party, the I. W. W., the Syndicalist League of North America, the International Trade Union Educational League, the Trade Union Unity League; and which now finds fulfillment in the Lenin-Stalinist dogma and in the acceptance of the Russian Communist Party as "the highest type of organization ever produced by mankind." Most interesting of the chapters devoted to Foster's labor leadership is the one which deals with the Great Steel Strike of 1918-20. Although it failed, the experiences gained during these years are being taken into account by the C. I. O. in its present drive to unionize that industry.

Apparently Foster never tired of fighting. At least four-fifths of his pages are given over to labor battles, some of nation-wide importance, others declining to the level of petty but envenomed squabbles. There is as much doctrinal bitterness in what he writes regarding divergent schools of radical thought as if he were a seventeenth century theologian. Nor does he hesitate to resort to personal vituperation directed chiefly against leaders whom he considered weak-kneed. Apart from these blemishes—if blemishes they be—"From Bryan to Stalin" is a creditable piece of biographical writing, frank, clear, and complete. Considering the author's background it is much more than creditable; it is an amazing achievement.

R. C. B.

ROYAL GEORGE. By C. E. Vulliamy. Appleton-Century. 1937. $4.

Surprisingly, George the Third of England has excited a recent flurry of interest—and a new sympathy. A selection of his letters has been admirably edited by Mr. Bonamy Dobrée, who holds that George "was a far better king than most have been willing to concede"; while Mr. J. D. Griffith Davies, in a biography published last year, set out to rescue the reputation of a great Tory too long maligned, he believes, by generations of Whig historians. In the present study Mr. Vulliamy disavows any such intention and states his distrust of "modern revaluations." He emerges from his careful and thorough study, however, with the suggestion that, whatever conclusions one reaches regarding George as a man or king, pity must certainly temper them.

Farmer George was unfortunate in his father—"poor Fred," whose own mother (a woman of remarkable good sense) called him "a nauseous little beast"; he was equally unfortunate in his brothers, who disgraced him with their marriages, and in his sons, who disgraced him with their amours. Amid such painful episodes George's own profound respectability positively shone. Above all, he had a deeply-rooted sense of his alliance with God. This, said Thackeray, is the way he reasoned: "'I wish nothing but good, therefore every man who does not agree with me is a traitor and scoundrel.'" From this pathological sense of rectitude flowed his lengthening series of errors on American policy, on Irish policy, on Catholic relief, on every major issue of his long reign.

The history of these errors is ably written by Mr. Vulliamy, whose narrative suffers seriously at only one point. He accepts uncritically the view of the king's "unconstitutional" ambitions which contemporary Whig pamphleteers (including Edmund Burke) and Whig historians ever since have charged George with. Professor Namier's researches in the early years of the reign have discredited the notion that George had designs on the constitution. Elsewhere this biography is sound, and it is always good reading. Here is the king who loved uniforms and soldiers and knew by heart the names of all the ships in his navy, who enjoyed gentleman farming and applauded farces, vaudeville acts, and the music of Handel; who dearly loved to stroll in his park and talk to his tenants, and was—"a homely king among homely people"—England's first truly democratic sovereign.

L. H. B.

Drama

THIS ROOM AND THIS GIN AND THESE SANDWICHES. By Edmund Wilson. The New Republic. 1937. $1.

These three plays by Edmund Wilson are explained by him in a prefatory note as being "three variations on the same theme [that] represent three successive stages of the artistic and moral revolt which had its headquarters in New York after the War." "The Crime in the Whistler Room" was produced in New York by the Provincetown Players on October 9, 1924. "A Winter in Beech Street" and "Beppo and Beth" have, apparently, not been produced. The first and third are in the usual three acts, the second arranged in a succession of seven scenes.

Mr. Wilson is one of our foremost literary critics. His criticism of his own time is implicit in all three plays. The first bears traces of the F. Scott Fitzgerald era, the second deals with free love in Greenwich Village, the struggles of a group theatre, and the attempt of a journalist, Bugs Brophy, to report "industrial disputes" honestly and live his own life. This play is the liveliest of the three. The third play, "Beppo and Beth," deals with a fairly affluent apartment-dweller, as contrasted with the hard-up Villagers in Beech Street, and one of the author's intentions is evidently to show how horribly futile, neurotic, and dislikable he and some of his friends are. He has succeeded, and one has known people like them. The extraordinary Bostock represents big business at its most fantastic; and perhaps the fact that he proves so hard to kill is symbolic; but the number of pot shots taken at him finally becomes comic in a way that does not seem intended. However, this fantasy isn't so far from the truth about how certain people live in New York.

From the point of view of practical theatre a valid criticism might be that Mr. Wilson's plays are very "talky," particularly the last, and that he is apt to write extremely long speeches. He possesses a higher type of intelligence, naturally, than the majority of playwrights—but playwriting is a difficult business. To *read* the plays, however, is to recognize a good many of the disheartening elements of modern life.

W. R. B.

Fiction

EMMA. By Louis Paul. Doubleday, Doran. 1937. $2.50.

A whole lot of people who would just love "Emma" are going to be completely thrown off by the statement on the jacket that it is "a powerful and significant story." The book isn't powerful, nor significant, nor even very well written. It is, however, jammed with action and pathos and contains any number of characters ranging from a reformed prostitute (she just sort of drifted into it, no harm meant) to an expert coffee roaster. They

"Certainly more credible than Scarlett O'Hara."—Kansas City Star

Have you met Cornelia Hancock?

"One of the Union Army's genuine heroines . . . a remarkable personality."—New York Times
"A great spirit in the making."—North American Newspaper Alliance

SOUTH AFTER GETTYSBURG

The Letters of Cornelia Hancock from the Army of the Potomac, 1863-1865, edited by Henrietta Stratton Jaquette

Illus. **$2.00**

Second printing

YOUR BOOKSTORE or the UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA PRESS: PHILA.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all run about in a lusty, though refined, manner, and provide perfectly good entertainment of the exact sort dished out so generously by "Chickie" of newspaper serial fame. The heroine leaves her husband for no very good reason, except that if she hadn't there wouldn't be any story, and through a series of brave but chaste adventures with the big bad world gains "understanding" and a huge financial success. You can tell how huge a success it is by the fact that in the end she buys a chinchilla coat right out of her earnings, and returns to support her husband (he hasn't done so well) and bear him the child for which she has yearned in a womanly manner for years and years. If you want to be highly critical the book is meretricious and unbelievably badly motivated. Just the same, it has the indefinable come-on which for years caused thousands of women to read "Helen and Warren" in the morning paper before they washed the breakfast dishes. "Emma" ought to go big in the lending libraries, good or terrible, blurb or no blurb.

F. W.

WOMEN MUST LOVE. By Julia Hart Lyon. Dutton. 1937. $2.50.

CARNIVAL ON QUICKSAND. By Valerie Savage. Doubleday, Doran. 1937. $2.

Each of these novels is concerned with a woman's reaction to a genius. "Women Must Love," a British novel, has for its thesis exactly what the title implies. Women must love, however tough the going; and the going in this case is pretty tough. Susanna Fair, meeting Richard Scotforth, whose novels she had admired from afar, must needs fall in love with him, though he was far older than she and already supplied with a wife and children. She must, with equal inevitability, bear his child. Her continued devotion to Scotforth after he has found another ideal companion even younger than Susanna may be a little hard to swallow. In fact most of it takes some swallowing, considering that Susanna is still pushing the ripe age of twenty when the book ends. Yet, in spite of the "situations," in which hardly a cliché has been overlooked, there is something to the book. Susanna's life as a London typist is well done, womanly suffering and the pangs of childbirth are registered rather more competently than usual, and what is more important and what causes this book to rear its head slightly above the ruck, the hero does seem to be an authentically made eccentric—which is literary for "genius" and has been since "The Constant Nymph." Richard Scotforth comes near being a real and credible personality. Furthermore, the author manages to sound as if she didn't know all this had been done a good many times before and the result is a book which, though occasionally rather painful and often naive, sounds fresh and, at any rate, sincere.

"Carnival on Quicksand" is what is indulgently described as "Fiction in Lighter Vein." It is the story of Lamson Pike who, at the age of ten ("genius" seems to appeal to quite young girls) fell in love with Nicholas Lanvrin, a violinist of dimly perceived continental antecedents, who was giving a concert in her Ohio town. She lisped childishly that when she grew up she would marry him. In due course she became what the jacket describes as "a self-possessed young American woman" and she did marry him. Just why it is hard to say. Informing intelligence did not seem to accompany her self-possession. The rest of the book, full of small incident, describes gaily the horrors of Lamson's position married to a selfish genius who never told her his plans and who had an ex-mistress to boot. However, he loved her and she loved him. Everybody is rich and good looking and the silly story has gaiety and bounce and might have been less silly if some of the characters had been disguised as human beings instead of being names with attributes attached. "Deft" is probably the word for this pastiche, and one might be grateful for it if recouping from one of those summer colds.

C. H. M.

WE PLUCK THIS FLOWER. By Thomas W. Duncan. Coward-McCann. 1937. $2.

After a moderately entertaining exposure of campus life in a mid-Western college during the gin-soaked twenties, this story settles down to a routine course. The heroine has little luck from the time of her illegitimate birth to her unhappy marriage to a shiftless actor. She attains eventual security only by the simple process of unexpectedly inheriting a fortune from her father. While there is nothing particularly unlikely in her career, it is surely not the most significant material, and Mr. Duncan's flat, unimaginative treatment adds little to the effect of of a book which seldom attains even the level of magazine serial competence.

T. P., JR.

Miscellaneous

THE STORY OF THE SECRET SERVICE. By Richard Wilmer Rowan. Doubleday, Doran. $3.50.

It is very likely that Mr. Rowan's book is the definitive history of the spy system. It contains probably the most complete account of espionage operations from Biblical times to the present. Fully half the volume of 660 pages concerns international espionage prior to 1800. This, for the average reader, is the less interesting, though it is a significant, portion of the book. One of the conclusions that stands out clearly from Mr. Rowan's volume is the fact that the technique of espionage has undergone little change during the centuries.

Mr. Rowan unfolds his panorama of duplicity with much fascination. His scholarship will surprise, but should not dismay, the lay reader. He will find it a narrative of absorbing interest. He will read about many of his favorite characters in history. He will understand the heroism and the martyrdom of Edith Cavell, made even more poignant by the injustice of her execution. He will witness the deflation of Mata Hari, inaccurately reputed to have been the world's most sinister siren. To read Mr. Rowan's book is like reading a series of gripping detective stories in which the characters take on tremendous stature by virtue of their eminence and reality.

R. S.

Travel

AWAY TO QUEBEC. By Gordon Brinley. Pictures by D. Putnam Brinley. Dodd, Mead. 1937. $2.50.

"Take me away to a forest," pleaded the Duchess, in the same mood which led the Red Queen to order off offending heads, and theoretically "off to a forest" went the authors of this book. But don't misunderstand: the tremendous forests of Quebec were all around them, the solemn boding of the ultimate North laid its shadows over them at Lake St. John, the immensity of the St. Lawrence valley (unequalled save in the desert country of Arizona) opened before them, the imperturbable *chef de police* sat in his quiet office at Quebec while the Parliament building was being flooded with communist handbills, urbane Mother Church was stifling free speech, the only cheese at the stores in Bas des Eboulements came from Wisconsin: and away to Quebec went our tourists, to live on the Saguenay River boat, to week-end at luxurious summer clubs, to eat at haughty Manoirs, to tea and dine with the best people—all carefully named.

The authors come to earth at Baie St. Paul—as who would not? One cannot be flippant there—nor casual about the Ile aux Coudres. This reviewer is glad they liked the Provincial Museum, and the fertile country round Lake St. John, and the white farm houses with bell roofs—and still more glad that one of them draws with a pencil. The pictures are the redeeming feature of this skimming narrative. They show a love of the Canadian countryside, a feeling for the intrenched quality of French Canadian life in the midst of the vastness of nature, and her grim climate. Many go to Quebec, few come away with much more than a piece of homespun and a list of nice people. Mr. Brinley brought back some good pictures.

An appendix of factual matters connected with roads, mileage, and customs regulations, and good end paper maps complete the volume.

C. P. R.

THE THIRD REICH
By HENRI LICHTENBERGER
Translated and Edited by
KOPPEL S. PINSON
$3.00
SECOND PRINTING
THE MOST COMPREHENSIVE ANALYSIS OF PRESENT-DAY GERMANY THAT HAS BEEN WRITTEN IN ENGLISH
THE GREYSTONE PRESS
11 WEST 42nd STREET • NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

THE Q. Associates were interested in Clifton Fadiman's remarks on summer publishing in *Vogue*. "The superstition still exists," he writes, "that the American brain undergoes a mysterious softening around June first, only to harden up again, like Jello, just after Labor Day. In between these dates, it is supposed to be able to digest nothing but the blandest of literary fare.

"This notion, one feels, is largely nonsense. The American intelligence, by and large, has a much higher melting-point than the publishers believe — or than American readers, in all probability, themselves believe. Actually it ought to be much harder, during the most canine of the dog-days, to read Katharine Brush than to read, let us say, Willa Cather. Heat increases irritability; and in a state of irritability you are much more apt to fly into a fury over Miss Brush's overobvious slickness than over Miss Cather's quiet honesty."

☞But as we remember it both *Shadows on the Rock* and *Death Comes for the Archbishop* were summer publications and did very well as soon as they came out. Mr. Fadiman might also recall that *Gone With the Wind* and *Anthony Adverse* were both July books; that *The Story of Philosophy* was a June book; that all Ellen Glasgow's successful novels since *Barren Ground* have been published in August. We could think of more instances if it weren't so hot. Meanwhile Macmillan is planning to put full steam behind *And So—Victoria* by Vaughan Wilkins, to be published next week.

☞The Q. Associates have previously called attention to *The Seaman's Handbook for Shore Leave*, and have suggested that booksellers with sea-going customers carry it in stock. We are glad to see that the sixth edition, just out, is getting a break in the press. The book gives advice about what to do in 440 seaports all over the world, listing hotels, seamen's homes, hospitals, laundries, amusements, etc., and in many cases there are notes and cautions. Under these headings we learn that tap water in Lisbon is not always safe; that Chinese money is not legal in Hongkong; that Havana exacts heavy penalties if you bring in more cigarettes than one open pack; that in Patras, Greece, there is an American-trained dentist named Dr. Basil Assimacopoulos; that there is much bad liquor in Shanghai and Tsingtao, and that the latter place is pronounced Ching dow and means Green Island. Under Port Louis, Mauritius, there is this literary note: "Mauritius is the scene of Bernardin de St. Pierre's *Paul and Virginia* and is one of the few places in the southern Indian Ocean where American seamen found congenial surroundings." ☞The book is pleasant browsing even for the non-seagoing reader who has a passion for miscellaneous information.

☞The stunt of the summer in book production seems to be Farrar & Rinehart's three-dimensional illustrations in Stereo-Books. There are two books, both juveniles: *Sailing In, the Stereo-Book of Ships*, by Alexander Laing, and *At the Zoo, the Stereo-Book of Animals*, by Captain R. Cheyne-Stout. Each copy is provided with an attached stereopticon lens, and the pictures are printed double, like old-fashioned stereopticon slides. It takes a while to get used to the idea, unless you've been practising with an old stereopticon you had around the house, but soon the pictures stand out clearly. ☞The Richard Wagner Society offers three prizes—$150, $100, and $50—for the best translation of a scene from *Siegfried*. The judges include Lauritz Melchior, Fritz Reiner, Leopold Stokowski, and others. The closing date is December 31; details from the society at 528 W. 111, N. Y. C. ☞The Gregg Publishing Co. announces John Clyde Oswald's *Printing in the Americas;* we are surprised to learn from their circular that "there is no proof that Stephen Day . . . ever did any printing;" and that "the only newspaper founded by Benjamin Franklin was in the German language." ☞Maybe there's an opening for a good proofreader at New Haven; we have just received a letter from Yale on a letterhead that reads: "Departmemt of English."

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

SILVERMINE TAVERN AND GALLERIES, Norwalk, Conn. Tel. 2300. An old-time country inn. One hour from N. Y. Booklet R on request.

CAMP SILVER BIRCHES, Canton, Maine. For women. Beautiful lake, boating, bathing. Cabins with sanitary plumbing. Moderate prices. Booklet.

GREEN MOUNTAINS—lake country, wood trails, riding, walking, swimming, canoeing, delicious food, an interlude in Vermont stillness. Reasonable rates. Historic Echo Lake Inn, Tyson, Vermont. Caroline Day.

"GREEN SHADOWS." Old Lyme, Connecticut. A delightful place for a vacation. Excellent food. Restful atmosphere.

"DON'T-SNORE" device, $1.00 postpaid. For snorers and mouth-breathers. Satisfaction or money back. S. K. Thaxly Co., Washington, D. C.

AN OLD NEW ENGLAND farmhouse offers you a summer in the country on the open ocean. Lobster, new peas, blueberry pie; a wood fire; no radio. Rates, $20 a week. The Breakers, Vinalhaven, Maine.

CLAUSTROPHOBES and all mainlanders of literary persuasion will enjoy Manhattan Island at and from Hotel Standish Hall which is ideally placed adjacent to Central Park, and overlooks the spacious grounds of the American Museum of Natural History. You can get several rooms for what you would pay for one at many a midtown caravansary, and the atmosphere is one of comfort and content. Quiet nights conducive of rest and cheerful, sunlit days distinguish its hospitality. Accommodations for short or long incumbency. Rooms by the day from $3.00. Furnished suites—parlor, bedroom, bath, and pantry or kitchenette—$6 to $7 a day. Weekly $35. Monthly $125. Kitchenettes have breakfast nooks, refrigerators and gas stoves for those who wish to practice their local cookery in New York. But there is a spacious dining room. Please identify yourself as an SRL reader when writing to Mr. John W. Heath, resident manager, for reservations. Hotel Standish Hall, 45 W. 81st St., New York City.

PERSONALS

MICHIGOOSE, 31, wants help in rut-climbing from Michigander with sense of humor. Box 150-C.

WILL PHILANTHROPIST seeking worthy cause finance ministerial education? Box 135-C.

HEART OF SOUTHERN VILLAGE, schools and Junior college down the street, house, with pecan grove and small farm. Sale or rent. Eighty Years.

NURSE-COMPANION to alcoholic diabetic for four years desires change; specialist's recommendation. Competent typist, fluent Spanish. Go anywhere. Box 136-C.

YOUNG WRITER wants to be caretaker, Long Island, New York, or nearby, for maintenance. Box 137-C.

BOOK-BINDING TEACHER would take pupils for summer months at low rate. Box 138-C.

YOUNG GLOBE-TROTTER desires letters about globe-trotting from globe-trotters. Box 139-C.

NON-LANGUISHING LADY wishes diverting correspondence to distract her from the pangs of requited affection. Box 140-C.

ROOM of a two-room modern apartment in village, Bedford St., to rent; furnished or unfurnished. Exceptional value. Box 141-C.

LETTER ADDRESSED Wilbie Hurd care Mariano New York arrived July eighth but lost unopened. Please write again. Box 142-C.

GOOD "OFFICE LAWYER" in town boiling over with lawyers, wants work with corporation or firm—law, real estate, secretarial—anything decent. Experienced. Box 143-C.

PRINCETON ENGLISH MAJOR, 23, will take any position offered by reader of this magazine. Insurance companies needn't try. Box 144-C.

TWO GUESTS, New Hampshire Mountain Top View. Bring your pet and auto and make mouse traps or write poems. Box 878-B.

FOR SALE—Old New Hampshire farmhouse between Sunapee and Winnipesaukee. Woodland, meadows, mountain brook, mountain view, maple sugar orchard, old mill, two barns, electricity, modern bath, quiet neighborhood. Write Fred Eichelberger, Camp Wallula, New London, N. H.

The Arbutus Patch is NOT for rent this season. It takes the overflow from Meadow Inn where, besides the usual excellent food, there are fine saddle horses, ponies, with or without lessons, tennis, pingpong, bowling, etc. Some reservations could be made now. All booked up after Aug. 15th. E. R. Ward, W. Tisbury, Mass.

EAST 10th—16. Exclusive Women's Club. Attractively furnished front room, semi-private bath, fireplace; light cooking permitted; $51 monthly. Box 145-C.

IS THERE an angel who'd like to gamble $2,000 on a small publication? Man or woman. Silent or active. Publisher who isn't broke (or flush) offers you a square deal, a barrel of fun, and a fair chance to profit in a small way. If interested, write, identifying yourself a bit. Box 146-C.

IS THERE any place in present setup for widely traveled unattached middle-age man, teetotaler, non-smoker? Languages. Box 147-C.

MID-WESTERN college graduate, 24, desires place with cultured family as governess, companion, factotum, or what-would-you? Library, institutional, secretarial experience. Connecticut teaching certificate. Can drive, cook, launder, talk intelligently. Go anywhere. Indomitable *joie de vivre* and unflagging patient sympathy. Box 148-C.

SALEMAN, thirty, versatile on high-pressure and low-pressure, wants sell books, advertising. Full time. Salary. Box 149-C.

SWISS MEADOWS — Century-old rambling farmhouse surrounded by 550 peaceful mountainside acres. Mrs. Cornelia Parker, Williamstown, Mass.

THE BLUE DOOR, Bakerville—in Connecticut's lovely Litchfield Hills—offers a quiet, restful summer and autumn—good food, good beds, and open fires. Minimum weekly rate $20. Mabel S. Bartlett, Route One, New Hartford, Conn.

IS THERE an owner of summer retreat who is willing to share it weekends with an unattached gentleman? Box 118-C.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

YOUNG WOMAN, Haverford, Pennsylvania. Will stay with invalids, children, dogs or lonely people by hour, day, week. Some knowledge French, German, Latin. Plays piano, reads aloud, plays games, likes outdoor sports. Good housekeeper. Box 151-C.

TWO SISTERS, of good family, willing and highly capable to take full charge of private stable or breeding farm. Available Labor Day. Mitchells' Riding Stable, Manchester Center, Vermont.

ROOM WANTED—By single man. Preferably lower west side with private family. Box 153-C.

WILL SACRIFICE SUBSCRIPTION, Dictionary of American English. Box 134-C.

WHO WOULD be epistolary sharer of joys, beauties, and turmoil of life with personable, understanding maiden of many and varied interests? Gayheart.

SHED YOUR CARES by enjoying a genuine rest at ARTEMIS, in the lower Berkshires—seclusion—charm—lake—good food. $25.00 weekly—$5-$10 weekends. Miss Rogers, Artemis, Brewster, N. Y.

GENTLEMAN, thirtyish, would correspond with Dixie damsel. Interests: Arts, cabbages, royalty. DAMYANK.

CLASSIFIED

ADVERTISING rates for this Classified Department are as follows: For twenty or more consecutive insertions of any copy, minimum twelve words, 6 cents a word each insertion; for any less number of insertions, 8 cents a word each insertion. Copy may be changed every week. The forms close Friday morning, eight days before publication date. Address Department G. H., The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, telephone BRyant 9-0896.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore, 141 Fourth Avenue, New York.

FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS, FINE PRESS. CATALOGUES. PHILIP DUSCHNESS, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York.

GOOD BOOKS. First editions of established worth. Books by and about Walt Whitman. Catalogues on request. Alfred F. GOLDSMITH, 42 Lexington Avenue, New York.

GENERAL

20% Discount for Cash.
SCHULTE'S SEMI-ANNUAL SALE.
OVER 500,000 SELECTED BOOKS.
CATALOGUES MAILED FREE.
SCHULTE'S BOOK STORE,
80 FOURTH AVENUE (10th St.)

LITERARY SERVICES

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY AGENT. Books, stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Play and scenario departments. THE WRITERS' WORKSHOP, Inc., General Electric Building, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.

STORIES, NOVELS, BOOKS MARKETED. Editorially recognized, professional aid in placement of fiction and non-fiction. Intelligent, personal assistance in revision, criticism, editing for publication. New authors invited. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 47 West 42nd Street, New York.

EDITING, REVISION, GHOST-WRITING. Stories, articles, theses, books. Excellent references. Mary Douglas, 600 West 113th Street. UNiversity 4-0475.

CORRESPONDENCE INSTRUCTION, criticism, revision, consultation, marketing. Unquestionably superior service, reasonable charges. State your problem. ROBERT L. NEWMAN, 251 West 71st Street, New York.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York.

OLD & OUT-OF-PRINT books searched for and reported without charge. Good books bought in any quantity. C. L. Pyetell, 860 W. 181st St., New York, N. Y.

Double-Crostics: No. 174

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

			1-L		2-Q	3-J	4-G	5-M	6-U	7-T	8-O	9-P	10-W	11-F	12-C	
13-V	14-N	15-S	16-R	17-O		18-T	19-H	20-J	21-I	22-C		23-R	24-W	25-E	26-K	
27-J	28-M	29-N	30-C	31-I	32-E		33-K	34-X	35-A		36-Q	37-F	38-P	39-U	40-B	41-G
	42-L	43-E		44-X	45-G	46-R	47-T		48-A		49-E	50-J		51-H	52-O	53-C
54-L	55-T		56-U	57-L		58-A	59-H	60-S	61-X	62-P	63-I	64-Q	65-B	66-L		67-Q
68-B	69-D	70-W	71-G	72-P		73-M	74-H	75-W		76-R		77-I	78-L	79-K	80-F	
81-U	82-H	83-R		84-Q	85-N	86-S	87-H	88-T	89-I	90-G	91-W	92-B	93-X		94-T	95-N
96-G	97-H	98-R		99-I	100-M		101-A		102-I	103-A	104-X	105-D		106-E	107-B	108-X
109-U	110-R	111-W		112-G	113-B	114-J	115-K		116-E	117-V	118-P	119-U	120-G	121-M	122-T	123-I
124-X		125-O	126-I	127-C	128-M	129-Q	130-K	131-U	132-W		133-D	134-O	135-N		136-W	137-M
138-U	139-H		140-R	141-T	142-A	143-N	144-L	145-H	146-U	147-O	148-P		149-F	150-O	151-A	
152-L	153-V	154-E	155-C		156-S		157-N	158-I	159-C	160-F		161-D	162-R	163-W	164-L	
165-G	166-A	167-O	168-P	169-E	170-H	171-Q	172-D									

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's International Dictionary.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 16 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Slight, despise.

B. Inherent.

C. Corrodes; corrupts.

D. Good fellow (colloq.).

E. Jester; buffoon.

F. English novelist (1814-1884).

G. Intrepidity.

H. Profane.

I. Place for spectators of athletic event.

J. Card game of 17th and 18th centuries (Spanish origin).

K. Hero of a favorite children's book.

L. Play by Shaw.

M. Compromise Bill of 1850.

N. Incarcerated.

O. Masefield's epithet as poet.

P. Region of eastern Europe and Asia.

Q. Acute vexation.

R. Not thought out completely (comp. colloq.).

S. Jot, particle.

T. Proletarian writers.

U. Composer of opera "Lucia di Lammermoor."

V. Dog hero of story by Dr. John Brown (1859).

W. Author of "Castle Rackrent."

X. London prison, razed in 1902.

WORDS

166 48 151 101 58 103 142 35

107 92 113 68 65 40

127 53 30 159 22 12 155

161 105 69 133 172

25 154 169 116 106 49 32 43

37 160 149 80 11

71 4 90 41 96 45 165 112 120

74 145 139 59 82 97 19 51 170 87

77 123 158 63 102 21 89 99 126 31

20 50 27 114 3

115 33 26 130 79

54 66 144 164 1 152 42 78 57

28 100 5 137 73 128 121

143 157 95 29 14 85 135

150 134 125 52 167 8 147 17

9 38 62 72 118 168 148

36 84 171 2 129 64 67

162 76 110 23 140 46 16 98 83

156 15 60 86

18 141 7 47 122 88 55 94

6 81 119 56 39 131 138 109 146

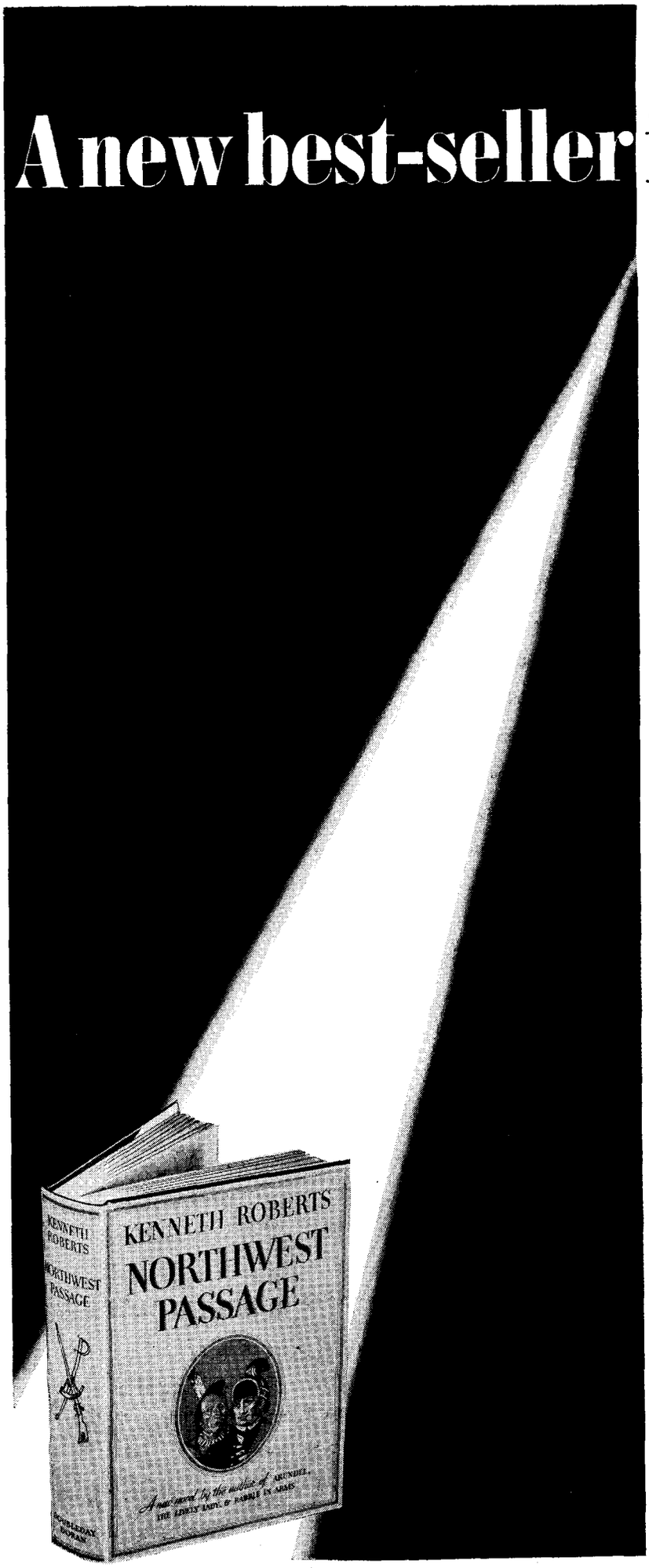
117 153 13

163 132 70 111 136 91 24 75 10

34 124 44 93 104 108 61

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A new best-seller is born . . .



Over America's wire services on July 1st the United Press flashed a review that began: "*Northwest Passage* is a great historical novel." But that news had begun to travel fast long before publication date. The presses had delivered four editions, totaling 136,000 copies.* Advance orders had poured into bookstores. A new best-seller was being born.

On the Sunday following, R. L. Duffus said, in the course of a long front-page N. Y. *Times* review, "Mr. Roberts has a gift for making the past come alive . . . It is the eternal pageant of the eighteenth century that keeps one reading to the very end." In the *Herald-Tribune BOOKS* Allan Nevins, again on the front page, expressed his enthusiasm in such phrases as these: "Keeps the reader in breathless suspense . . . one of the classic stories of American adventure . . . difficult to give too much praise." In *The Saturday Review* Bernard De Voto wrote: "*Northwest Passage* moves on a plane of understanding and perception that only the best kind of historical fiction achieves."

And then came the salvos from cities throughout America. Elrick B. Davis declared, in the Cleveland *Press,* "Today sees published what will probably prove next New Year's Eve to be the best novel of the year."

But perhaps the greatest tribute of all comes from Ben Ames Williams in the new issue of *The Atlantic Monthly.* He says: "NORTHWEST PASSAGE is a great historical document, which historians will acclaim; but it is much more than that. It is a great novel, since in its pages an era comes to life, complete with people and with things . . . Here is a book that cannot be easily and briefly 'reviewed'. It is too big, and too permanent. Cap Huff's hot buttered rum was a drink so potent and enduring that a full evening of it would stay with you as long as a coonskin cap. *Northwest Passage* is a book that will stay with you even longer."

Exciting, and inspiring, too, NORTHWEST PASSAGE is a book you will hear talked about for many months. Three weeks after publication it is America's No. 1 best-seller, according to the *N. Y. Herald-Tribune* report from 71 bookstores throughout the nation. The 7th large edition is just off press, making a total of 161,000 copies.* Few books in the history of American publishing have such a record of immediate public acclaim. Why not read it *now* and be one of the first to enjoy this year's runaway best-seller.

709 pages. $2.75 at all booksellers.
DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

**Including Book-of-the-Month Club*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED